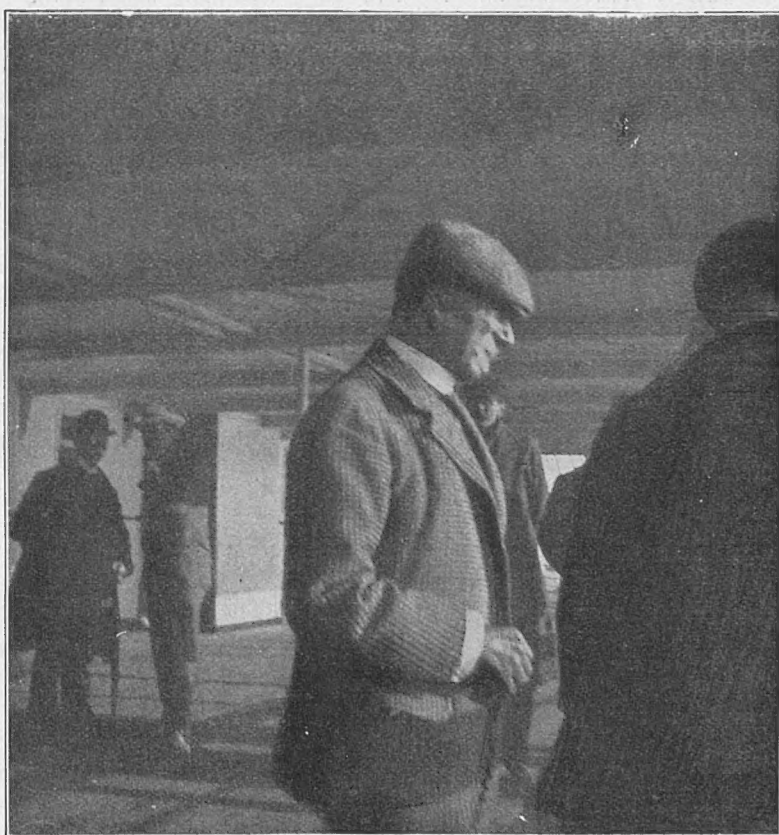




No. 415.—Vol. XXXII.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



FOUR SNAPSHOTS OF LORD ROBERTS ON BOARD THE "CANADA," OFF COWES,
TAKEN BY MR. JAMES YOUNG (OF THE SIR HENRY IRVING COMPANY).

THE CLUBMAN.

*Dinners to Lord Roberts—The Evolution of Lord Kitchener—
Lord William Beresford.*

CLUBLAND was genuinely glad to see Lord Roberts back in England, but there was no very great competition to obtain places to see the procession pass last Thursday, for there will be very few Clubmen who will not see the returned hero at close quarters within the next few weeks, and under far more comfortable circumstances than those of standing on a damp balcony on a raw and foggy January day. That Clubland should invite Lord Roberts to dinners innumerable is only natural, for an Englishman always shows his appreciation of a distinguished hero by trying to induce him to eat more than is good for him. Lord Roberts pleaded most eloquently with the British public, imploring them not to give the privates returning from the War too much to drink. He is likely, before February is at an end, to appeal on his own behalf and to ask his would-be hosts not to feed him too much.

The Military Clubs and some of the other Clubs, Masonic bodies, City Companies—all have showered their invitations upon the returned hero. The first batch of telegrams caught the Field-Marshal at Bloemfontein, and at Durban, Cape Town, and Madeira there were scores more waiting. To a very large number of these invitations an acceptance was sent, the date being left an open question. Lord Roberts and his private secretary will have some bad quarters-of-an-hour in trying to make workaday weeks contain more than six dining-days. It will be at these many great dinners which are to take place in the immediate future that the men of the Clubs will greet the Commander-in-Chief and welcome him back to Great Britain.

Lord Kitchener's development as a statesman and an administrator is very interesting, and he bids fair to prove most of the men who thought they had exactly summed up his character to be in the wrong. The man who, so most writers have told us, had trained himself to be a machine, who had crushed out in himself all the gentler qualities, and, never sparing himself, never spared man or beast in playing the great game of war, a General with the instincts of a Provost-Marshal, suddenly belies all these estimates and proves himself gentle and tactful, patient and conciliatory, towards the enemy, and makes a most popular move in ordering the release of those military prisoners who are imprisoned for minor offences, this concession being given in acknowledgment of the gallantry of their comrades in the field. Lord Kitchener in doing this compliments his Army and at the same time adds to its effective strength.

The Khalifa and his hordes were fanatics who destroyed or were destroyed, and it was as useless to offer them terms as it is to coax a mad dog. The Army with which Lord Kitchener had to do great things in Egypt was a small one, and the money that the Sirdar had at his disposal was a comparatively insignificant sum. Therefore, great exertions were called for, and much very wearying work had to be gone through, and the man at the head of the Army had to insist on the exertion being made and the work being done. Under other circumstances, with a greater Army and against a gentler foe, Lord Kitchener appears as a different man. The historians have yet to gauge all the qualities that the beetling brows, the stern eyes, and the resolute manner form a mask for.

Lord William Beresford, who was laid to rest last week in the Irish burying-place of his family, did many things, and did them all well. It is said that no man is really popular who has not got a nickname. Lord William was talked of as "Bill" behind his back by every white man, woman, and child in India, and to his face by a very large proportion of them. No man ever made more friends and no man ever took more care to do the little acts of kindness which men and women never forget than Lord William did. In India the news of his death will recall in the railway towns, in the men's barracks, in the officers' messes, a hundred occasions when he sent a kind message, made an unexpected gift, said a good word in the highest quarters for some subaltern despairing of obtaining an appointment because he was not known, helped some lame dog over a stile.

The admirable manner in which Lord William carried out his duties as Military Secretary is a matter of history, for three Viceroy's have recorded their opinion that he was invaluable, and, when he determined to leave the East and to retire from the Army, all India wondered how such a Military Secretary could ever be replaced. He was the life and soul of Simla Society, and if he interested himself in a gymkhana, in a theatrical performance, in a bazaar or a picnic, the function, whatever it might be, was sure to be a success. It was delightful to see him warm a dull dinner-party into good-temper and good-fellowship. He knew exactly the right thing to say to everybody at table, and his bright Irish wit would draw an answering spark from the dullest of individuals. Any men or ladies who chatted to Lord William for a quarter-of-an-hour felt that he was pleasant to talk to, and were sure that they had been brilliantly witty. A heart of gold, a pleasant smile, and a touch of blarney took the genial Irishman through a world where the sun always shone. The only thing in life that he seemed to take quite seriously was his racing, and I fancy that a win in a big race pleased him more than the important successes of life, of which he obtained so many. In common with many other men, I shall miss Lord "Bill." In the few words that passed when we met on a racecourse or elsewhere, he always made me feel that he was glad to see me, and I felt the cheerier for having talked with him.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

"Bobs'" Day—Waiting in the Streets—The Look of the Route—The Over-Anxious Police—What the Crowd Saw—A Slump in Buttons—A Guttered Theatre—The Tremulous "Twopenny."

EVERYONE has read in the newspapers of the splendid reception "Bobs'" got in London last Thursday. Soon after it was light, or ought to have been, according to the Almanack, people began to gather in the streets, and it was not long before the soldiers who were to line the road made their appearance. It almost looked like a review-day, and there was plenty to while away the time in watching the troops. The best decorations were at Paddington and close by, but all along the route the houses hung out red cloth and mottoes and flags, though the streets themselves were not decorated as they were on "C.I.V." Day. Of course, nothing could be done in the Park, round which the procession drove; but the crowds were immense, and in Piccadilly and St. James's Street the houses were gay with red cloth. There was not much decoration in other parts of the town, but down by Charing Cross there were several flags hung out.

Anybody who fancied that all our Army was locked up in South Africa was undeceived last Thursday, for the whole West-End was a mass of troops. The cavalry looked splendid, though the cloaks rather took off from the gaiety of the show, for it was a raw day and a fog was hanging about. As for the cheering, it was tremendous, and there was no mistake about the warmth of the welcome as the carriages passed along. Some time before the procession was due, I had worked round to Pall Mall, which seemed a likely place to see the show from, and, though the police had most absurdly and unnecessarily blocked the roadway, and left only the pathway for the spectators, nearly as far up as the War Office, I managed to work along until I got nearly to Marlborough House, or just about opposite the new Oxford and Cambridge Club. There I got stuck, and pretty tightly, too, for the police were standing shoulder to shoulder and the road was filled with mounted Artillerymen.

They tell me that in Piccadilly you could see fairly comfortably from the pavement, but from Pall Mall you could do nothing of the sort. The police overdid it there as much as they neglected matters on "C.I.V." Day. The Coldstream Guards were drawn up right across the road from Marlborough House to the corner of St. James's Street. Opposite Marlborough House the road was absolutely clear, as the police kept everyone back on the pavement to the east of the gates, and, what was still more absurd, kept the roadway clear nearly up to the War Office. The consequence was that, what with the fog and the soldiers and the distance, even the tallest of us could see scarcely anything, and the whole thing might have been some Russian function, instead of "The Men in the Street" welcoming "Bobs'" back to London.

It was a good-humoured, Mark Tapleyish sort of a crowd, as I had good reason to know, for I was packed close in it for over an hour, unable to move for the greater part of the time. The first thing we saw was the waving of handkerchiefs in the houses at the bottom of St. James's Street, then the heads of the Prince of Wales's coachman and of the Life Guards, and that was all. After that there was a long wait, and then more handkerchief-waving, and last came the heads of the Hussars, the Indian orderlies, and the coachmen. We cheered frantically, and all was over. Not one of us saw the Prince or Princess or the hero of the day, thanks to police nervousness; but hardly a man grumbled as we turned away to go home, after spending the best part of the morning in seeing nothing. Some of us went round to his hotel later on and had better luck, as the great little man came out on the balcony, and we were able to have a look at him.

Buttons and portraits did not go well at all, and the kerbstone merchants did not appear to decrease their stocks. The craze for the American button has passed away, and I saw scarcely a man wearing a badge all day. One thing I did notice, and that was the vacant pedestal in Trafalgar Square. Months ago, I suggested that a mounted statue of Lord Roberts should be placed there. I shall hope to see "Bobs'" there before very long.

Two theatres are standing completely guttered in London to-day. One is the old Folly, or Toole's Theatre, which the Charing Cross Hospital is swallowing up; and the other is the Adelphi, which is being completely rebuilt. It is wonderful how small the place looks now it is nothing but bricks and mortar. Many is the good melodrama that has been played there, but, somehow, the theatre seemed to lose its popularity after poor Terriss's murder. And, talking of theatres, it is remarkable how pantomime has fallen off in Central London of late. This year there is only Drury Lane left; the Garrick has no pantomime, only a children's play, and the Vaudeville has the ever-charming "Alice in Wonderland." But still, London is ringed in with suburban pantomimes, and in the provinces they seem an absolute necessity.

I meant to have had a talk with the "Twopenny Tube" last week, but had no room. I see that a Committee has been appointed to inquire into the shaking of the houses under which it runs. I hope they will find some remedy. It would be a serious thing if the tube system (by which Londoners travel so comfortably) had to be condemned.



LORD ROBERTS, REPLYING TO THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME AT COWES, EXPRESSED HIS CONFIDENCE IN LORD KITCHENER.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY, STRAND.



LORD ROBERTS' ARRIVAL AT THE HARTLEY INSTITUTE, SOUTHAMPTON, WHERE HE WAS PRESENTED WITH THE FREEDOM OF THE TOWN.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

ROYAL ACADEMY WINTER SHOW.

THERE is always more to be learnt, and generally more pleasure to be derived, from the Winter Exhibitions of the Royal Academy than from its summer shows. In the one case, we have careful selection without crowding; in the other, the crowding is conspicuous, but not so the discrimination. The present display at Burlington House consists of works by British artists deceased since 1850. Obviously, such a category gave wide scope for choice, but only two hundred works have been hung, and these are for the most part of a kind that can be examined with pleasure and profit, even though they cannot be held to be thoroughly representative of the artists who have passed away during the last half of the century. Lord Leighton, for instance, is represented by only three works, of which the sole one of importance is his well-known picture, "The Egyptian Slinger." There are ten by Sir J. E. Millais, but they are generally minor productions, the most noteworthy among them being the portrait of the Duke of Westminster, painted in 1872, and the "Souvenir of Velasquez," a portrait of a little girl in fancy costume, treated in a manner that successfully recalls the methods of the great Spaniard. But the works of the two Presidents are well known, and the exhibition is doubtless, on the whole, the more attractive for being chiefly composed of those that are less familiar. It is a matter of much interest to survey the changes that British art has undergone in the last half-century, and to gather from such a collection as this some idea as to which of the painters of the period are most deserving of remembrance.

All who delight in poetic art will rejoice to see the large number of works by Frederick Walker. One thing is certain, namely, that they stand out with unexpected distinction from the great majority of their companions on the walls. Fred Walker is the one artist whose reputation will be greatly enhanced by the present exhibition, for it undoubtedly shows that his work will bear favourable comparison with that of his most distinguished contemporaries and successors. "The Bathers," in which he essayed the difficult feat of contrasting brilliant flesh-tones against sparkling water, is a singularly animated work. "The Old Gate" is a picture of a different kind, but the low tones are very poetical and characteristic. "The Wayfarers" is an exceedingly sympathetic composition, and "The Plough," with its flush of rosy light on sky and hillside, is one of the most effective pictures that Walker ever painted. There are also other works by this artist that deserve to be carefully examined and appreciated for their pervading individuality and harmonious arrangement.

Another painter who benefits by this exhibition is Cecil Lawson, whose landscape, "Marshlands," would be conspicuous in any company, not only for its high finish, but also for its decorative arrangement and atmospheric colour, while he is also seen to advantage in other examples. An accession of fame also comes to George Mason, of whose productions several specimens are shown, and of these attention may be specially directed to "The Harvest Moon," wherein the idyllic peasantry and graceful composition are sufficient to prove him to have been gifted with an artistic imagination of a very high order.

I can scarcely congratulate the Hanging Committee on their selection of E. M. Ward's "The Last Sleep of Argyll" for the place of honour in the third gallery. The Earl asleep in prison is represented on one side of the canvas, and on the other is a person gazing at him. It is a very black picture, not particularly effective or charming, and the composition is awkward through the interest being relegated to the sides, while a large space in the centre is practically without incident. Among creations of Turner, admiration will chiefly be given to the luminous sky and scintillating atmosphere that mark his "Venice." In other works by this great painter, the deterioration of colour from which so many of his pictures suffer is too sadly conspicuous. The strong colour of the sunset in "Feeding Sheep," by John Linnell, is noteworthy, and there are also other interesting works by this artist. A. W. Hunt is well represented, especially by the fine atmospheric landscape, "Early Morning Mists Rising from Loch Maree." One would like to have seen more of David Cox, but we can at least admire his "Going to the Plough." Albert Moore always charms by his excessive delicacy, which is observable in "The Quartette," and especially so in the "Summer Night," with its fascinating and elaborate detail and its slightly draped girls in various graceful poses. Among the works by Landseer is the striking picture of "The Stag at Bay," which is treated with power and realism in the artist's best manner. I must not forget to mention the strongly rendered portraits by Frank Holl, the spirited scenes represented by Sir John Gilbert, or the attractive genre work of John Pettie. Neither should the poetical canvases of Dante Gabriel Rossetti nor the seascapes of Henry Moore be overlooked. In fact, one of the most brilliant pictures in the show is this artist's "Sunset after a Storm."

There is much that should attract attention in the Water-Colour Room, and, among the black-and-white work, the drawings of Charles Keene are, in themselves, sufficient to reward the visitor.

A "SKETCH" FINE-ART COLOURED PLATE.

Subscribers to *The Sketch* Christmas Number may be pleased to learn that the Supplement entitled "Mistletoe" has been reproduced as a high-class coloured art plate, and can be supplied by special arrangement at the reduced price of half-a-guinea. It is printed in twenty-three colours, and is fixed in a special mount ready for framing. Apply, Publisher of *The Sketch*, 198, Strand, London, W.C.

LORD "BILL" BERESFORD.

THE sadly premature death of Lord William Beresford (of whom *The Sketch* gave a portrait last week) removes from Society one of its most popular and striking personalities. The prototype of "Soldier Bill" in one of Whyte-Melville's delightful novels may be said to have been the *beau-ideal* of the British soldier from the day he buckled on a sword. The story goes that even as an Eton boy his one ambition was to fight every lad bigger than himself, and he was proud of the unique distinction of having been flogged by three Headmasters—Doctors Durnford, Goodford, and Balston!

Lord "Bill" had the somewhat rare advantage of having as a youth put in a few months in Germany, for, after leaving Eton, he was for some time at Bonn, his greatest chum there being the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, with whom he kept up affectionate relations till the latter's lamented death.

Beresford was only nineteen when he gained the wish of his heart and

JOINED THE 9TH LANCERS,

soon becoming known, even in sport-loving Ireland, as a noted sportsman—indeed, he was barely of age when "the light-footed, light-headed, light-hearted Dragoon" won what was destined to prove an historic steeplechase, for it was on that occasion the three brothers—Lord Charles, Lord Marcus, and Lord William—all rode against one another; Lord Charles on "Night Walker," Lord Marcus on "Weasel," and Lord William (who, by the way, won the race) on "Seagull."

Just five-and-twenty years ago began Lord William's Indian career, but, though he went through the Afghan Campaign, it was, curiously enough, in South Africa that he first made his great reputation as a soldier, and

GAINED THE VICTORIA CROSS

for an act which has been described by the veteran War-Correspondent, Archibald Forbes, as "the bravest deed I ever saw."

The story has been told and re-told during the last few days. Stated briefly, Lord "Bill" won the much-coveted "little bit of gun-metal" for saving the life of Sergeant Fitzmaurice during the skirmish which took place on the eve of the Battle of Ulundi. The wounded man first refused the help tendered him, and implored Lord William to save himself; but, with characteristic Irish humour, he rated the Sergeant roundly, declaring that he would punch his head if he did not bestir himself, and, with no more ado, he lifted the wounded man into his saddle. Fortunately, Sergeant O'Toole, seeing the stress Lord William and his comrade were in, rushed back and deliberately potted Zulu after Zulu while Lord William carried his charge into camp. On the return of the troops to England, "Ulundi Bill," as he was then nicknamed, flatly refused to accept the Victoria Cross unless

SERGEANT O'TOOLE SHOULD BE EQUALLY HONOURED.

It is not too much to say that the sad news which became known on the last Saturday of the Old Century sent a thrill of pain and grief through Indian Society, for Lord "Bill" was in turn Military Secretary to three Viceroys.

LORDS RIPON, DUFFERIN, AND LANSDOWNE;

and during the years that he held this extremely difficult and delicate post—which has been described as uniting the functions of the Lord Chamberlain, the Master of the Horse, and the Board of Green Cloth—he was the most popular man in Her Majesty's Eastern Empire. Cheery, and, indeed, brilliant entertainments often took place in the charming rooms in Government House set apart for the use of the Military Secretary; but Lord "Bill's" favourite holiday house was his Simla bungalow, "Inverarm." It was there that he entertained wandering globe-trotters who happened to have been his friends, or friends of his friends, at "home."

A wave of sorrow went through the brilliant world gathered round and about the Viceroy and Vice-reine's Court when it became known that "Bill" Beresford had made up his mind to leave India and go home for good; and his friends were preparing to watch with affectionate interest the career in London Society of "the most popular bachelor alive," when they were astounded by the news of the engagement of Lord William Beresford to

LILY, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

The bride-elect had had almost as romantic a career as her future husband. *Nee* Price, the daughter of a distinguished American naval officer, she married, when quite a girl, Mr. Hammersley, a millionaire, who died shortly after the marriage, leaving her all his wealth. Her second matrimonial venture, that which made her Duchess of Marlborough, lasted only a very few years; but, after the late Duke's death, she elected to continue living in England, and became mistress of The Deepdene, an historic estate near Dorking.

Lord William Beresford and Lily Duchess of Marlborough's marriage took place on April 30, 1895, the young Duke of Marlborough giving her away. Lord "Bill's" friends were much amused to see how seriously he took his duties as "Benedick the married man." It need hardly be said that his marriage turned out a great success. Lord William was devoted to his charming American wife, and their happiness was made perfect within two years of their marriage by the birth of

A SON AND HEIR,

William Warren De la Poer Beresford, who will ultimately be one of the wealthiest Irishmen living.



MISS MAUD CASSEL (DAUGHTER OF SIR ERNEST CASSEL),

MARRIED TO MR. WILFRED W. ASHLEY, SON OF THE RIGHT HON. EVELYN ASHLEY, AT ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE, ON JAN. 4.

PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A PAINTING OF MISS CASSEL (MRS. WILFRED ASHLEY).

HAYMARKET.—THE SECOND IN COMMAND.
EVENINGS at 8.30. MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 2.30.
EXTRA MATINEES TO-MORROW (Thursday) and THURSDAYS, Jan. 17 and 24, at 2.30.

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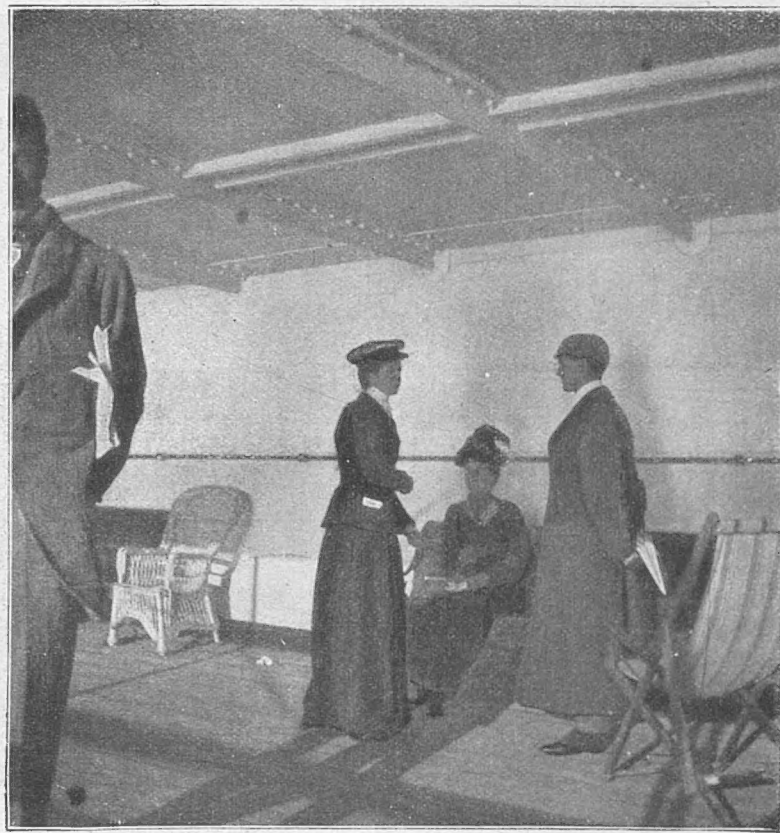


"BOBS" AS SCHOOLMASTER.

The Illustrated London News is issuing a limited edition of high-class plates in colours from the clever drawing by Cecil Aldin entitled "Bobs" as Schoolmaster." The size is 16 by 11 in. exclusive of margin, and the price half-a-crown. The following photogravures are also to be had from the same office: "Lord Roberts at 'the Front,'" two hundred Artist's Proofs from the painting by R. Caton Woodville, price three guineas each; "Sons of the Blood," "The Queen Listening to a Despatch," "The Surrender of Cronjé to Lord Roberts," "The Queen's Garden-Party at Buckingham Palace," all at half-a-guinea each, a few Artist's Proofs at one guinea; "The C.I.V. at St. Paul's," price five shillings, Artist's Proofs half-a-guinea. Apply, *Illustrated London News* Photogravure Department, 198, Strand, London, W.C.

THE PRINCE ATTENDS A WEDDING

ONE of the smartest weddings that have taken place in London for some time past was solemnised at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, on Friday last, when the Prince of Wales, Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll), and the Duke of Argyll were present at the nuptials of Mr. Wilfrid W. Ashley, eldest son of the Right Hon. Evelyn



THE HON. MISSES ROBERTS ON BOARD THE "CANADA," OFF COWES.

Snapshot by Mr. James Young (of the Sir Henry Irving Company).

Ashley (who was private secretary to Lord Palmerston and wrote his Life), and Miss Maud Cassel, daughter of Sir Ernest Cassel.

The church was transformed into a perfect bower of flowers and palms, and the ceremony was performed by the Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, assisted by the Rev. Canon Page Roberts and the Rev. David Anderson, Rector of St. George's Church. Sir Ernest Cassel gave his daughter away.

THE BRIDE WORE A LOVELY GOWN

of white satin trimmed with lace and chiffon, and made with a long Court-train of cloth-of-silver, beautifully trimmed with old lace, whilst her Honiton-lace veil covered a chaplet of real orange-flowers in the hair.

THE BRIDESMAIDS.

There were six bridesmaids—Miss Maxwell, the Hon. Barbara Lister, Miss Nina Symons, Miss Katie Lewis, the Hon. Ethel Gerard, and Miss Madeline Bourke—and two train-bearers, Master Harry Ashley and Miss Marjorie Lowther. The bridesmaids wore dresses of pale-pink cloth trimmed with lace, and smart pink toques trimmed with roses. The Hon. George Hamilton Gordon acted as Best Man.

A large reception was afterwards held at Sir Ernest Cassel's house in Grosvenor Square, and, later, the happy couple left for Milburne, near Esher, where they will spend the honeymoon. Among the magnificent wedding-presents were a gold curb-chain bangle, set with rubies and diamonds, from the Prince of Wales, a superb diamond tiara and diamond spray from the bride's father, a large silver box from the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and a jewelled pendant from the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland.

"FAUST" IN GERMAN, AT THE COMEDY.

There was an interesting performance of Goethe's "Faust" at the Comedy on the 5th inst. The German Company, whose versatility is greatly to be admired, gave a very good representation indeed of the immortal tragedy. Mr. Max Behrend made an excellent Mephistopheles, but his habit of ringing his "r's" is somewhat annoying. As Faust, Julius Nollet played better at the commencement than in his scenes with Margarethe. The latter rôle was taken by Martha Elbrig, not a regular member of the company, and she was a very sweet Gretchen and thoroughly looked the part. It was a pity that there was a serious miscalculation as to time, for at twenty minutes to twelve the curtain had only just fallen on the Garden Scene! "Faust" ought surely to be up to time.

The death of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar and of Lord Leonfield, which took place respectively on Saturday and Sunday last, has occasioned fresh mourning in Royal and noble circles in this country.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

Princess Beatrice and the Nation's Hero.

Lord Roberts' first welcome home was that tendered to him by the Queen's youngest daughter, who, in her capacity of Governor of the Wight, went to meet sunny-faced "Bobs" on board the *Alberta*. Her Royal Highness, who was accompanied by the Duke of Connaught and his soldier-son, shook the left hand of Lord Roberts, and, in a few broken but eloquent words, bade him a heart-felt welcome. The fact that Lord Roberts still carries his right hand in a sling occasions his friends some anxiety, but he does so only as a measure of precaution. As regards his general health, he has quite got over the injury caused by his fall from his horse ere he left the Transvaal.

The Sovereign and the Commander-in-Chief.

As the Queen received Lord Roberts in strictly private audience, it is impossible to state what took place, but it is easy to divine how moving and memorable the scene must have been. Very characteristic of both Lord Roberts and his Queen was what may be called the Indian incident. The great Commander was accompanied to Osborne by the six native orderlies to whom the British people owe not a little, for they have watched over their master during long years, and it was but fair that they should share in his greatest triumph; but what a thrill of pride will go through our vast Indian Empire when it is known that the Queen-Empress paid these brave men the signal honour of herself inspecting them within a few moments of her historic reception of Lord Roberts!

The New Century Peerage.

Lord Roberts' Earldom, graciously bestowed on him by his Sovereign at Osborne on Jan. 2, the very day he landed on the shores of Old England from the *Canada*, may truly be styled the New Century Peerage, and the fact that there were no New Year Honours of the kind announced was doubtless due to the Queen's desire that the Roberts Earldom should thus auspiciously open the roll of Twentieth Century British Peers.

"Bobs" at Paddington.

I must congratulate late Lieutenant-Colonel J. L. Wilkinson most warmly. Grace to the admirable arrangements of the General Manager of the Great Western Railway, the reception of Earl Roberts last Thursday at the brilliantly be-flagged Paddington Terminus was a complete success. Though the train that brought "Bobs" from the South Coast was a wee bit late, it steamed into the station at the very moment the Prince and Princess of Wales's laudau drove up to the platform. Light and debonair, bronzed and smiling, and manifestly brimful of health, albeit his right arm was still in a sling, Earl Roberts leapt deftly from his carriage, bearing his sixty-eight years with all the zestful buoyancy of youth, and with his left hand returned the hearty grips of the Prince and Princess. The great little man was the centre of a singularly illustrious group. He had also to receive, in his characteristically genial way, welcomes from the Dukes of Cambridge, Connaught, and York, from the Duchess of York, Princess Victoria, Lord Wolseley, Mr. Brodrick, General Sir Evelyn Wood, and Major-General Trotter, and a host of other notables. To the appropriate tune of "Come Back to Erin," the pride of Ireland and of the Empire inspected the Irish Guards and Volunteers in the company of the Prince of Wales, and aptly replied to the address read by Sir John Aird, M.P., as first Mayor of Paddington. What a wonderfully sweet smile "Bobs" has! As he was driven off in one of the Queen's carriages, with Colonel Carington, Generals Ian Hamilton and Kelly-Kenny, he acknowledged the cheers by saluting with his left hand, and with a genial flash of his blue eyes and kindest of smiles—good-natured benevolence personified. A smile to win all hearts! We have all read how happily Earl Roberts replied to the speech in which the Prince proposed his health at the Buckingham Palace luncheon in his honour. "Bobs" paid a visit to the War Office the same afternoon, and had to undergo the ordeal of another popular welcome at Mackellar's Hotel, in Dover Street, before he could go to the dinner given by the Secretary for War to celebrate his return.

The Queen's Spring Holiday.

France is once more to have the honour of providing Her Majesty with a holiday home, and, by a happy coincidence, the Empress Frederick will also spend the Spring in the delightfully sunny, blue-skied Riviera, the beautiful Eden of which is pictured in *The Sketch*. The visit of both Her Majesty and the Empress Frederick should go far to repay Riveira residents for the dull season of last year.

A New Royal Order.

The Queen, who has a great liking for following worthy precedents, is said to be on the point of instituting a new Order of Knighthood—"The Star of Africa." Probably few people are aware that the Order of the Bath as now known dates from the day which saw the "auspicious termination" of the long and arduous contest in which the Empire had been engaged during the Napoleonic Wars. The only really great Order hitherto instituted by Queen Victoria is that known as the Most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire, though, of course, Her Majesty has created several minor Orders, of which the latest, the Royal Victorian Order, is only four years old.

Naval and Military Orders.

The Army and Navy owe the Victoria Cross to the Crimean War, and exactly thirty years were to go by before the two Services enjoyed another distinction all to themselves, namely, the Distinguished Service Order, dating from 1886. In this Order, as in the Victoria Cross, there is only one Class.

The Ladies and Decorations.

It is rather curious that a feminine Sovereign should have instituted so few Orders open to women. The first Victorian Order for which feminine subjects of Her Majesty were eligible was the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert, instituted, curiously, soon after the late Prince Consort's death. Only Royal Princesses are eligible for the First and Second Class, and the Third and Fourth Classes are practically open only to members, past or present, of Her Majesty's Household. As for the Imperial Order of the Crown of India, it consists of only one Class, and a certain number of very highly born female relations of Indian Princes are members of the Order, for which, of course, are also eligible the wives and widows of Viceroy, Governor-Generals, and so on.

The Prince and Princess of Wales.

The movements of the Prince and Princess of Wales are, as usual, open to that sudden alteration of plans necessitated by the unexpected; but I think I am correct in saying that, in so far as has been arranged, their Royal Highnesses will divide their time between Marlborough

House and Sandringham until the end of February, when the Prince will pay his accustomed visit to the Continent, and the Princess will visit Denmark, accompanied by Princess Victoria (the Princess whom Prince George of Greece fain would marry if circumstances permitted), and probably afterwards visit the Empress Frederick. The Prince of Wales will also, during his Marlborough House-Sandringham sojourn, pay flying visits to his friends in the country. He has been strongly urged not to go to the South of France this Spring, but I understand that, all things permitting, he will certainly do so.

A Settlement with China?

It really looks as if the end of the year saw the end, or, at any rate, the beginning of the end, of the Chinese Muddle. For John Chinaman, seeing the futility of further resistance, has intimated his acceptance of the Joint Note of the Powers. The Emperor's instructions to Prince Ching and Li Hung Chang, to the very great surprise of these personages, were to agree "fully" to the terms of the Note—only asking, in that bland Chinese way immortalised by Bret Harte, that the number of the Legation Guards at Peking might be limited, and that the forts might not be destroyed, but only "disarmed," and a few other things—the tendency of all of which is to minimise the effect of the acceptance of the aforesaid Joint Note. Well, we shall see.



STATUE OF "VICTORY" AT OSBORNE HOUSE.

Photo by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

*The Princess and
Our Soldiers and
Sailors.*

The Princess of Wales, who never wearies in her efforts to improve the lot of our brave soldiers and sailors, issued on New Year's Day a touching appeal in her capacity as President of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association. Her Royal Highness, in her letter addressed to the Press, gives a very interesting account of this most



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HENRY COLVILLE.

Photo by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

excellent and praiseworthy of societies, which during the last year has received and distributed close on three-quarters of a million, the distribution being wisely effected through some eleven thousand volunteers—ladies and gentlemen—many connected directly or indirectly with the Army and Navy, who have made it their personal business to inquire into the *bona-fides* of every applicant. The Princess pays a graceful and kindly tribute to the Press, which has done so much to support the "S.S.F.A." Her Royal Highness is certain of the active, and, indeed, enthusiastic, co-operation of all those members of the Fourth Estate through whom she addresses her appeal to the public.

Sir Henry Colville. Sir Henry Colville, well known to his intimate friends as "Odger," is what is called a "sticker," and I shall not be surprised if some curious revelations are made during the inquiry which must necessitate from his recall. General Colville is, indeed, a man who has always faced the music, whether as a boy when he was playing football in house-matches for his tutor's, Oscar Browning's, at Eton, or overcoming almost insuperable difficulties in producing private theatricals at old Wimbledon Camp, or going on his honeymoon in a balloon, or travelling through little-known Morocco, or fighting in the Soudan, or subduing the natives in Western Africa. "Odger" is certainly a difficult man to tackle. At Eton he was known as "Piggy," from that inherent tenacity which is attributed to the race of boars—not Boers. He will stand at bay and show his tusks, moreover.

Lady Colville. The first Lady Colville was a sister of Lord Dunsandle. Sir Henry Colville's present wife, a remarkably gifted, clever woman, is French; but she can write remarkably good English, as is shown in a charming volume entitled "The Black Man's Garden," which described her own and Sir Henry's journey along the East Coast of Africa and through Madagascar.

Sir Henry as Playwright. Sir Henry Colville, had fate not destined him for a soldier, might have made fame and fortune as a playwright. One of his most successful attempts of the kind was entitled "The Nick of Time," and was a Guards' burlesque of just forty years ago. Sir Henry not only wrote the libretto, but also the twenty-one songs set to music by Mr. Edward Jones. He has also written quite a number of entertaining books full of dramatic passages, particularly excellent being that known as "A Ride in Petticoats and Slippers" and "The Accursed Land." Like the late Sir Richard Burton, Sir Henry delights in disguising himself as a native, his first attempt of the kind enabling him to go through the more little-known and dangerous parts of Morocco, as indicated above.

*In Africa and
Elsewhere.*

Few men living know more of Africa, North and South. On one occasion, he and Lady Colville actually travelled from Fez to the Algerian Frontier, a part of the world unexplored by any other Europeans. In 1880 he was Aide-de-Camp to Sir Lester Smyth, commanding at the Cape during the then Transvaal War, and he formed part of Sir Gerald Graham's Expedition to the Eastern Soudan. Some of the best, though not the most showy, work done by him for Queen and Country was in connection with the Intelligence Department, and it was for his services in this connection that he was given his Colonelcy and a "C.B." Not till nine years ago did the Colonel have a chance of seeing India; he then took part in one of the small Frontier Wars. The following year, however, saw him in Africa, when he declared war (in Uganda) without waiting for orders from home.

*Naval and Military
Exhibition.*

The Exhibition at Sydenham this year, it seems, is to be both Naval and Military, whereas the Earl's Court show will be purely Military. A novel feature at the Crystal Palace will be presented in the Art Section, namely, a pictorial history of both Services, with tableaux illustrating the changes in uniform and equipment. The Committee are endeavouring to secure the loan of paintings, prints, and engravings of battles and reviews, of daring deeds and acts of bravery, and similar historical events. Many other novel features are contemplated, and it will not be the fault of the Committee if the Exhibition is not a thoroughly interesting one. Mr. Imre Kiralfy may be relied upon to produce an impressive patriotic military spectacle at Earl's Court. There is plenty of room in London for two Exhibitions, and though Earl's Court, with its Welcome Club and other attractive features, seems the natural successor to South Kensington, the beautiful Palace and grounds at Sydenham should have hosts of visitors.

*A New Lord-
Lieutenant.*

Lord Binning, one of the most popular officers in the Guards, has succeeded Lord Lauderdale as Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Berwick. Lord Binning, who will be some day Earl of Haddington, is, from the military point of view, one of the most distinguished of elder sons. Born on the Christmas Eve of 1856, he is still on the right side of five-and-forty; and during the last twenty-two years he has served his Queen and country almost without intermission, taking part in successive Egyptian campaigns and being mentioned in despatches in the Hazara Campaign. His marriage to pretty Miss Katharine Salting occurred eight years ago, and, when not on active service, Lord Binning leads the happy,



LORD BINNING, NEW LORD-LIEUTENANT OF BERWICKSHIRE.

Photo by Barrauds, Oxford Street, W.

busy life of a country gentleman at Mellerstain House, near Kelso, one of his father's many Scottish seats. Lord Binning's usual good-fortune has not attended him this last year, for, just on the eve of going out to South Africa, he shot himself in the leg while taking part in one of Lord Haddington's shooting-parties.

Glasgow Exhibition.

The Prince of Wales has intimated, through Sir Francis Knollys, that representatives of the Fine Art Committee of the Glasgow Exhibition should pay a visit to Marlborough House early in January in order to select those pictures and works of art which His Royal Highness may be willing to lend. The external structure of the Exhibition, after the model of an Eastern Palace, is now complete, and stands on the same plain, opposite the University, where the Exhibition of 1888 was situated. It is, however, on a more extensive scale. The Committee has been at work for two years. The grand entrance is towards Kelvingrove Park, while the approach is by a flight of steps rising from what will be the main promenade. Other entrances are at Sandyford Street and Gray Street; the traffic may be expected to be heavy at the former, as the electric-cars come to that doorway. There will also be an entrance from Dumbarton Road. The Industrial Section is surmounted by a great central dome, and a group of towers rising to a height of 160 feet. The dome, which is of iron, rises to a height of 180 feet. The main part of the interior will be devoted to Industrial exhibits, and the next largest will be the Machinery Section. A Grand Avenue will connect these two Sections. The outside finishing of the building is of fibrous plaster, made of stucco, canvas, and wood.

A Future Queen?

The marriage of the Princess of the Asturias to Prince Charles of Bourbon will about coincide with the Dutch Royal wedding. This is the more curious when it is remembered that the Spanish bride-elect stands in the position of heiress-apparent to her brother Alfonso XIII., and that for six months after her



Photo by Valentin, Madrid.

PRINCESS OF THE ASTURIAS.



[Photo by Numa Blanc fils, Cannes.

PRINCE CHARLES OF BOURBON.

WHO ARE ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED.

father's death she was actually Queen-Regnant of Spain! Her future Consort is one of the numerous children of the Count of Caserta (*de jure* King of Naples). He has spent much of his life at Cannes, and it is said that the Royal honeymoon will be spent at "La Bastide," Lord Salisbury's villa at Beaulieu.

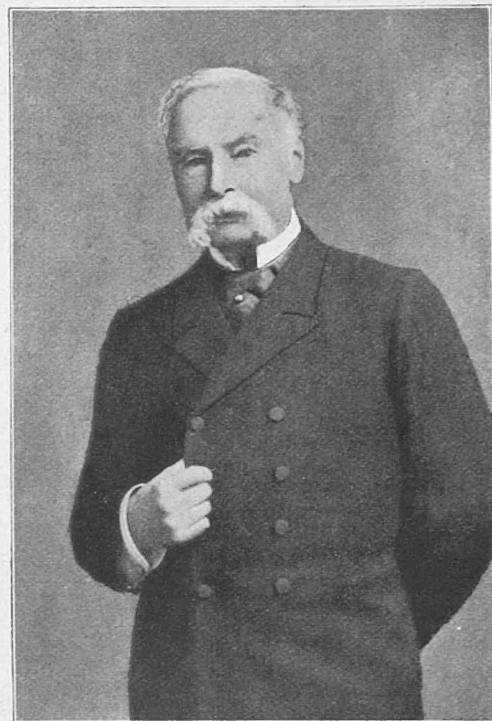
Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein.

The visit of Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein to the grave of their gallant son, Prince Christian Victor, in South Africa will be strictly private and devoid of all public ceremonial, but the great-hearted Princess will undoubtedly inquire into the working not only of the hospitals, but also into those benevolent charities which have their counterparts in this country. Their daughters will accompany, as at present arranged, their august parents, so that hospitable Cumberland Lodge will receive no guests for many months. Cumberland Lodge is probably the most home-like and comfortable of all the Royal mansions, for it is neither too large nor too small. Before it was burned down, when Lord Bridport was the occupant, it was not so desirable a residence. By the way, when the Lodge was burning, the Queen drove over from Windsor to look at the conflagration, and an unlucky fireman accidentally turned the hose on Her Majesty, who was drenched, so much so that Lady Bridport had to cut away the veil from her face. The poor fireman was aghast, but the Queen only laughed, and, in her good-nature, sent word to the man of the hose that she was not even frightened. He was.

The Retirement of Sir John Tenniel.

The retirement of Sir John Tenniel has speedily followed the celebration of the veteran cartoonist's eightieth birthday and the jubilee of his connection with *Punch*, the first issue of which in the New Century has a peculiar value from the fact that it is the last in which the familiar initials of Sir John

will appear. The *Pall Mall Gazette* has well said that the quality above all others that distinguished the work of Sir John Tenniel was dignity, and his cartoons certainly had also a wealth of suggestion. In his long connection with *Punch*, the distinguished artist was the most regular attendant at the weekly meeting of the staff, and for half-a-century the absence of his work from the weekly issue of our oldest humorous journal could be counted on the fingers of one hand. Among the famous cartoons which have come from Sir John's pencil since he succeeded John Leech in 1864, no one was more widely recognised for the genius of its execution than that occasioned by the "dismissal" of Prince Bismarck in 1890. The artist's proof of "Dropping the Pilot," as the cartoon was designated, was secured by Lord Rosebery, and by him presented to Count Herbert Bismarck. Octogenarian though he be, no one would assert that Sir John Tenniel "lagged superfluous on the stage"; his hand has not, happily, lost its cunning, and he quits the sphere of his life-work with universal good wishes. *The Sketch* begs also to congratulate Mr. Burnand on his choice of Mr. Linley Sambourne as Sir John's successor.



SIR JOHN TENNIEL.

THE FAMOUS "PUNCH" CARTOONIST, WHO HAS JUST RETIRED AFTER FIFTY YEARS OF SPLENDID SERVICE.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

Hans von Bülow's Daughter.

Fräulein Isolde von Bülow, daughter of Dr. Hans von Bülow, the celebrated pianist and conductor, has married an instrumentalist in the Bayreuth Orchestra. Some of her friends were displeased, but it was a love-match, and in such cases it is of little use for friends to protest. Dr. von Bülow conducted the first performances of several of Wagner's operas.

Madame Patti has decided to sell Craig-y-Nos Castle, her beautiful residence near Swansea. The prima-donna has lived there for twenty years. It has cost her over a hundred and thirty thousand pounds, and is a residence worthy of a Princess. The castle, the English name of which would be "The Castle of the Black Rock," commands scenery of extraordinary beauty. There are charming streams, where the great singer often spends hours fishing, her attendant bringing home a basket of trout as the result of her angling. It is understood that the Baron Cederström wishes his celebrated bride to spend a few months yearly in his native land, and the remainder of the time in London, where we shall be very glad to welcome her. Madame Patti is more frequently met in Society than formerly, another reason for exchanging her secluded life at Craig-y-Nos for a gayer career. The inhabitants of Swansea, especially the poor, will deeply regret the departure of a neighbour so gifted, good, and kind, who has spent thousands in charity.



ROYAL YORK CRESCENT, CLIFTON, AN EARLY RESIDENCE OF LORD ROBERTS.

Lord Roberts was brought up as a boy in the centre of these three houses.

A Royal Rear-Admiral.

The Duke of York's promotion to be Rear-Admiral has, I understand, given great satisfaction not only in naval but also in Colonial circles, for, as is well known, His Royal Highness will ere long start for Australia with the Duchess of York, for the purpose of opening the first Session of the Federal Parliament in the name of Her Majesty. Prince George has always shown the greatest devotion to the noble Service of which he is an honoured member, and his present promotion to Flag rank is not in the least analogous to the merely honorary appointments which are made in the Naval and Military Services of other countries. On the contrary, it is a well-merited reward of serious hard work in the Navy. Prince George was only twelve when he joined the *Britannia*, and studied there for two years. Then followed his two cruises in the *Bacchante* as a midshipman, in which rank he also served in the corvette *Canada*, on the North America and West Indies Station.

Seventeen years ago, he came home to study at the Royal Naval College, and, having taken a First Class in the examination, he was commissioned as full Lieutenant in 1885. As Lieutenant, he served successively in H.M.S. *Thunderer*, *Dreadnought*, *Alexandra*, and *Northumberland*, and he commanded a torpedo-boat in the Naval Manœuvres of 1889. A course of gunnery instruction followed, and then, in 1890, the Prince was given his first real command—that of the gunboat *Thrush*, in which vessel he visited the West Indies. Promotion to Commander followed, and he commissioned the fine cruiser *Melampus* for the Manœuvres of 1891. Two years later, he was promoted to Captain, and hoisted his pennant on board the cruiser *Crescent*, belonging to the China Squadron. This condensed summary of the Duke's naval service is only to show that the wise policy of his Royal father has been strictly carried out, and that the young Prince has acquired experience in every rank of the Naval Service, and has thereby obtained the full value of the mental and moral training which that Service provides.

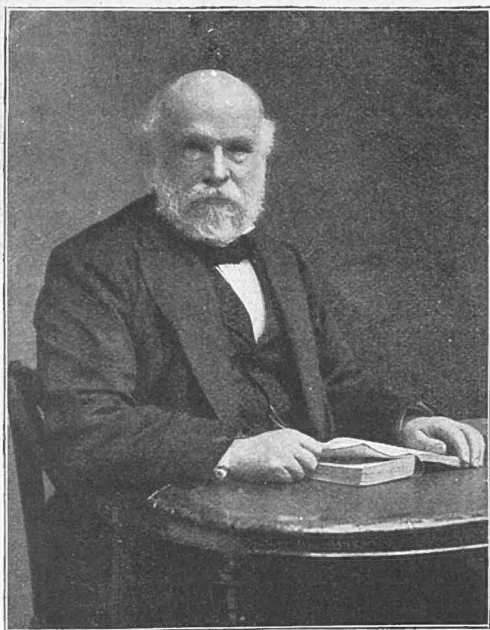
New Year Honours.

It is an open secret that the New Year Honours List was a great disappointment to certain persons, and perhaps even more so to their wives, because it included no peerages at all. Nevertheless, it includes many interesting

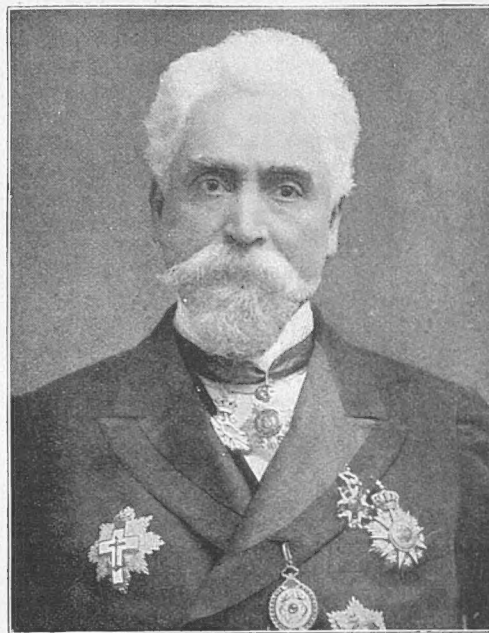
names, and one or two of really world-wide fame—though Art, Science, and Literature have been comparatively neglected, as usual.

A "Great Gun" Knighted.

The knighthood bestowed on Mr. Hiram Maxim has given great gratification in America, and Mr. Alfred Harmsworth made a great feature of it in the issue of the *New York World* which he edited for the New Year. Sir Hiram, who is a naturalised Englishman, belongs to the small group of people who, like Captain Boycott, have added a new word to the language, his name being used to designate the automatic quick-firing gun of his invention.



SIR WILLIAM TURNER, K.C.B., D.C.L.



SIR HIRAM MAXIM, ANOTHER NEW KNIGHT.

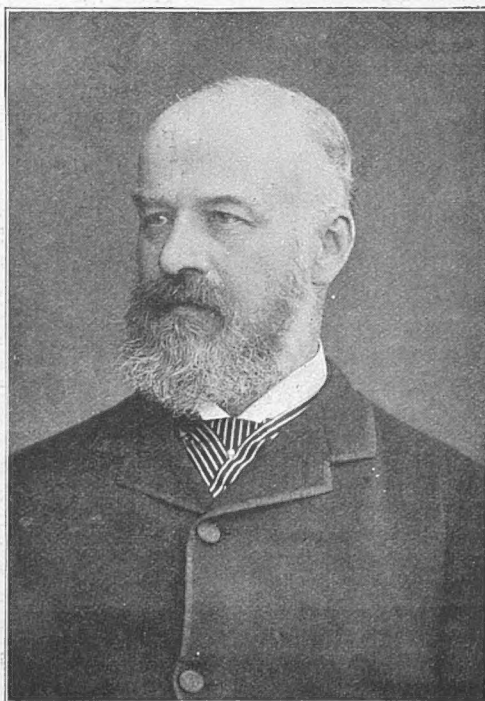
Naturally, the War plays a certain part in the selection of personages for Her Majesty to honour. Sir Alfred Milner, who is promoted to the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, hardly requires any description: and coupled with him may be mentioned his chief Assistant, Mr. Fiddes, who has just been appointed to an important administrative post in the Transvaal, and who obtains a Companionship of the Bath. Lord Justice Romer's "G.C.B." has been well earned by his laborious work as Chairman of the Hospitals Inquiry Commission.

Mr. Alfred Cooper, who is knighted, will be remembered as the generous donor of "The Gables" Convalescent Home at Surbiton, the work of which is closely associated with the hospital-ship to which the Princess of Wales gave her name. Dr. William Church, who is created a Baronet, will be remembered as one of the members of the Hospital Commission. An old Harrovian and Oxonian, he has served as President of the Royal College of Physicians, and is one of the principal doctors of the day. Colonel Robert Gunter, M.P., a Crimean War veteran, got his baronetcy for political services. Formerly in the 4th Dragoon Guards, he is Colonel of the 3rd Battalion Yorkshire Regiment.

Decorated Doctors. Previous Honours Lists have borne traces of Lord Salisbury's affection for the medical profession, but this year the doctors are not so extensively decorated. In addition to Sir William Church, already mentioned, Dr. Thomas Barlow, who obtains a baronetcy, is Physician-Extraordinary to the Queen, and a specialist in children's ailments. He has often attended the children of Princess Henry of Battenberg. Sir William Turner, renowned in the realm of



THE RIGHT HON. LEWIS FRY, NEW PRIVY COUNCILLOR.



THE RIGHT HON. THOMAS HALSEY, M.P., ANOTHER NEW PRIVY COUNCILLOR.



COLONEL SIR ROBERT GUNTER, M.P., NEW BARONET.

From Photographs by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

medicine, is a noble Professor of the healing art St. Bartholomew's Hospital may well be proud of. Professor of Anatomy at the University of Edinburgh since 1867, he has professional honours innumerable. These will be found duly catalogued in that invaluable handbook, "Who's Who" for 1901. Dr. Hugh Adcock, who is made a Knight, lives in Teheran, where he is English physician to the Shah. The son of a Norfolk surgeon, he at one time practised in that county, until he went to Persia, about eighteen years ago. The only other medico is Dr. M. F. Simon, who obtains a "C.M.G." on his retirement from the post of Principal Civil Medical Officer of the Straits Settlements.

New Privy Councillors.

It is some years since a cynic observed that the Privy Council was getting as miscellaneous as an ordinary London Club. However that may be, the new recruits are men of weight and solid service. In addition to Mr. Edmund Barton, the new Federal Premier of Australia, who made so many friends when he was over here last year, there have been added to the Council Mr. Lewis Fry and Mr. Thomas Halsey, M.P. Mr. Fry, who is a brother of Sir Edward Fry, represented Bristol for over twenty years, and holds an eminent position in the industrial and commercial life of the West Country. Mr. Halsey is greatly liked in the House, where he succeeded the late Sir John Mowbray as Chairman of the Committee of Selection, undoubtedly the most important Committee of the House. He has a splendid property at Gaddesden, in Hertfordshire, and is eminent in Freemasonry.



SIR JOHN AIRD, M.P., MAYOR OF PADDINGTON, A NEW BARONET.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

grateful recognition of the personal care and attention which he had devoted to Her Majesty's comfort," and a service of gold plate from the grateful shareholders. To Mr. Portal is chiefly due the marvellous development of the Port of Southampton. *The Sketch* has the pleasure to give portraits of Sir Wyndham and Lady Portal.

A Pioneer of Empire.

Not the least interesting of the Honours is the appointment of Brigadier-General Frederick Lugard, High Commissioner for Northern Nigeria, to be "K.C.M.G." Sir Frederick has long been known for his capacity for dealing with savage tribes, and thus extending the borders of the Empire.

A Popular Baronet.

Never was a New Year Honour more popular than Mr. John Aird's baronetcy. The new Baronet is famous in the House of Commons not only for his beard, which is the longest at St. Stephen's, but also for his kindly, genial manner. Tories and Liberals, aye, and Nationalists, are all his friends. His father, originally a mason, came from Ross-shire and made his fortune as a contractor. Sir John has been similarly engaged in public works since he was seventeen, and occasionally nowadays he runs over to the Nile to see how his men are damming the river. Paddington sends him to Parliament and has elected him as its first Mayor. He knows all sorts of people, from Khedives downwards, and he has a particular favour for artists, whose pictures he buys and whom he entertains royally.

"Nonagenarian Peers."

It was a mistake to describe the Earl of Perth as a nonagenarian member of the Upper House. True, the Earl of Perth is the oldest man in the Peerage, but he is only a Scottish Peer, and does not sit in Parliament. Now that Lord Armstrong is dead, Lord Gwydyr is the only nonagenarian entitled to sit on the crimson benches.

Commonwealth of Australia.

Lord Rosebery, a few months ago, speaking in the kind of figure he loves, said that we were assisting at the launching of a great ship. That great ship was the Commonwealth of Australia—in other words, the realisation of the grand dream of Australian Federation—the bringing together in a vital political union of our Colonies on the other side of the world. It is fit and just in every way that this remarkable achievement should be warmly welcomed by the Motherland. It is doubtless in this spirit of sympathetic congratulation that Her Majesty is sending her grandchildren, the Duke and Duchess of York, to represent the Throne at the opening of the Parliament of the Commonwealth in the approaching

spring, that bodies of Imperial troops have been despatched across the sea in the *Britannic*, bent on nothing but the friendliest of errands, and also that Canada, eldest child of the Empire, is showing her sisterly pride in a delegation headed by her well-loved Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

Foremost amongst the founders of the Australian Commonwealth stands the Right Hon. Edmund Barton, upon whom the Queen has just conferred the rank of Privy Councillor, a man who has worked with the utmost devotion, though often amidst much discouragement, for the success of the Federalist movement. Mr. Barton is portrayed with some of his colleagues in this week's *Sketch*. When the Governor-General of the Commonwealth, Lord Hopetoun, offered the Premiership of All Australia to Sir William Lyne, the Premier of New South Wales, that gentleman declined the honour, on the ground that it rightly belonged to Mr. Barton. The position thus taken up was one which was extremely creditable to Sir William, and was greatly appreciated by the Australians. Sir William Lyne, as Premier of the premier Colony, may be said to have occupied the highest political place in Australia, and it was, perhaps, natural for Lord Hopetoun to apply to him first. Mr. Barton, however, has not permitted the new Commonwealth to be deprived of Sir William Lyne's services, for the name of the latter appears in the Cabinet, an article on whose personnel appears in another part of *The Sketch*.



SIR WILLIAM LYNE, PREMIER OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

Photo by Freeman and Co., Ltd., Sydney.

Arabi the Unblest. At last the "gales of Arabi" are to waft the long-exiled Pasha back from Ceylon's Isle to Egypt. His famous rebellion brought about the bombardment of Alexandria, which caused John Bright to resign his office in Mr. Gladstone's Government, and drew from Mr. William O'Brien, always an impartial admirer of English valour, the assertion that the men in our Fleet who made the attack were "safe behind iron walls—moiles away!"

Picture Post-Cards.

Acknowledged producers of the most beautiful and tasteful New Year and Christmas Cards, Messrs Raphael Tuck and Sons, Limited, are now issuing exquisitely executed coloured post-cards of new designs. The "Roberts" and "Hamlet" cards are particularly attractive.



SIR WYNDHAM SPENCER PORTAL (ONE OF THE NEW BARONETS) AND LADY PORTAL.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

Miss Fanny Harris.

Miss Fanny Harris is a young actress who steadily adds to her reputation in the country. During the summer she played with Mr. Thomas Murray's company, and, alone amongst a crowd of ladies, was praised by important newspapers like the Birmingham *Daily Post*. She dances beautifully, and, indeed, the writer of this paragraph has not seen, during many years, a more graceful dancer. Though Miss Harris dances so well, she would like to act more. She recently finished a five months' engagement, during which she played the leading juvenile lady in a spectacular piece. Next Christmas, it is possible, she will play under the management of an important London Manager. Miss Harris is an actress with a refined method, and she is always "alive."



MISS FANNY HARRIS,
PLAYING THE STAR PART IN MESSRS.
TILLER AND ELLISTON'S PANTOMIME
AT HER MAJESTY'S, WALSAILL.
Photo by Pethrie, Aberdeen.

New Year's Day in Berlin.

On New Year's Day (writes *The Sketch* Berlin Correspondent) a service was held in the Chapel of the Royal Castle at ten o'clock in the morning, after which there was a Drawing-Room in the White Hall. At noon, the Emperor William received the Minister of War, the Chief of the General Staff, and various other important military personages, in the Knights' Chamber, after which His Imperial Majesty gave out the parole in the Arsenal. The Emperor declared last year that the beginning of the year 1900 marked the commencement of the New Century, and therefore New Century

it was for Germany. The only people who celebrated the New Century here last week were the English residents, who had a special service at St. George's to mark the occasion.

A Historic German Chair.

An interesting chair in the newly restored church called the Garrison Church has just been ordered by the Kaiser to be placed in his Royal pew there. It is a quite simple wooden stool, and bears the following inscription: "King Frederick William I. once sat on this chair during divine service."

The late General Blumenthal.

The celebrated General von Blumenthal was laid to his rest at Krampfer on Dec. 28. The funeral obsequies in Berlin were of a magnificent character. The Emperor was desirous of paying special honour to the last of the old-school heads of his Army. Great pomp was therefore attendant on the procession through the capital. Under den Linden was lined on each side with soldiers, two deep—a magnificent stretch of helmets and plumes of over a mile in length. The mournful cortege wended its way to the solacing melody of Chopin's Funeral March, played by the Garde du Corps band, the Emperor himself walking the whole way, followed by his five sons. The Emperor, looking to perfection the part of a typical Soldier-King, bore in his hand his Marshal's staff. His sons, in uniform, marched sadly behind, beside the bier containing his trusted General. I understand that His Majesty was greatly touched by the fact that the Queen sent General Swaine to represent her at the funeral. The Emperor accompanied the mortal remains of the hero of '66 and '70



MR. VILLIERS STANFORD, M.A., MUS. DOC.,
ELECTED CONDUCTOR OF THE LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL
IN PLACE OF THE LATE SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.
Photo by Barrauds, Oxford Street, W.

and '71 to the Lehrter Railway Station, saluted the bier as it was lowered by the officers from the hearse, and then turned to General Swaine and thanked him for coming to the funeral. Later on in the

day, His Majesty invited General Swaine to lunch at the Royal Castle, in company with the Grand Duke of Baden.

British Ambassador's Chimney-Sweep Supper in Berlin.

The kindly institution introduced by Sir Edward Malet, of entertaining the Berlin chimney-sweeps to supper on New Year's Eve, was scrupulously adhered to this year by the British Embassy (says *The Sketch* Berlin Correspondent). Viscount Gough represented Sir Frank Lascelles, and Miss Lascelles, together with several ladies connected with the Embassy, were present at the well-spread tables in one of the large restaurants where the chimney-sweeps, numbering some fifty, enjoyed the excellent fare provided them. Colonel Waters, the Military Attaché here, called for three cheers for the Kaiser; the chief chimney-sweep gave as his toast the health of Queen Victoria, while another, in most appropriate words, thanked Sir Frank Lascelles for his hospitality. The origin of the custom is interesting. Years ago, a son in Sir Edward Malet's mother's family was abducted when quite a small boy and taken to Orleans, where he was sold as a chimney-sweep. Some years later, while sweeping a chimney in a castle in Orleans, he found a quantity of gold coins lying hidden there. He noticed they were English. The fact that he recognised them to be English struck the owner of the castle, and ultimately led to the sweep's identity being recognised. The Malet



MISS W. J. HILL (DAUGHTER OF THE LATE W. J. HILL), NOW
PLAYING AMY SPETTIGUE IN "CHARLEY'S AUNT," ON TOUR.
Photo by Seymour Cousens, Tunbridge Wells.

family were so delighted at the recovery of the lost son that they instituted the above-mentioned custom to perpetuate the circumstance.

A Fin-de-Siècle Hippodrome.

M. Édmond Blanc, the Monte Carlo Casino millionaire, has endowed Paris (writes my fair Lutetian Correspondent) with a new racecourse, said to be so perfect at all points and so exquisite that it might have been chiselled by a jeweller or have come out of a milliner's shop of the Rue de la Paix. This new toy of the Parisians is admirably situated at the foot of the great fortress which guards Paris, Mont Valérien, in a plain known to the Romans as *Foliosa*, called since *La Fouilleuse*, seat of an abbey in the thirteenth century where Louis the Fourteenth's *mousquetaires* were at one time lodged, but were ousted by the churchwardens, which is supposed to have furnished the anecdote for the popular play, "*Mousquetaires au Couvent*." One sees, therefore, that M. Blanc knows how to choose a site. He began the installation for his own private use, for he is one of the most important horse-raisers in France, but he was persuaded to turn it into a public hippodrome. After three years of construction, it is about to be inaugurated. The buildings and terraces have the aspect of a great Normandy farm. The architecture is copied after the best Norman models. The Grand Stand has the roof upheld by sculptured chimeras, half-horse, half-man, who look out over the course with expressions varying between pleasure and melancholy, while in the distance the magnificent panorama of Paris unrolls.

Splendid Monuments to Dogs.

There is in the dog cemetery at Paris, raised to a famous St. Bernard named Barry, perhaps the most important monument ever erected to the memory of a dog. Upon a background of snowy rocks surmounted by the celebrated Convent of St. Bernard, the brave dog Barry pushes forward against the tempest, carrying a child whom he has just saved from the avalanche. An inscription records the life of the heroic animal: "He saved the lives of forty persons; he was killed by the forty-first." Among the other monuments is one raised by the Princess de Cecchiara-Pignatelli. Under a dais of stone is sculptured a greyhound upon a cushion bearing the arms of the Princess, and this inscription: "To the memory of my dear Emma; 12 April 1889—2 Aug. 1900. Faithful companion of my wandering and desolate life." "I have had but one true friend," says another inscription; "he lies here." London's dog cemetery in Hyde Park is similarly interesting.

No more Yvette.

I am sorry the Yvette Guilbert that we knew and loved (writes *The Sketch* Paris Correspondent) is no more. Ah! don't think she is dead, because she isn't, and we all hope that she is a very long way off from being called upon to settle up her score. But the unfortunate illness of fourteen months has changed the *divette*, and to-day she is positively stout. No more the long, thin arms with their black stockings on—for they looked more like stockings than gloves—can be seen; and no longer the drawn and expressive face. Yvette is happy and comfortable, and her husband is not of the stage-door lounging order, but a hard-working electrical engineer of repute. She will never return to the music-hall, but it is possible that she may be seen in some little playlets.

The Comédie-Française.

I am in no way surprised by the outcry against the opening ceremony of the Comédie-Française. It was an international event, but Claretie could do nothing better than send three tickets to the Foreign Press Syndicate, which numbers as many hundred members. He invited Dr. Leyds, who, with scant courtesy, refused the invitation; and so did Casimir-Périer. I had the good-fortune to share a ticket with five others, each one being entitled to half-an-hour. It was a brilliant spectacle, but badly framed. That *va et vient* of the gorgeously dressed woman covered with diamonds that represented fifty King's ransoms was impossible. The paint was still wet, and the men became ridiculous when, after a stroll in the corridors, they returned and found that their coats and hats were daintily titivated with a lime-storm. From an exterior point of view, the old house of Molière has not undergone the slightest change, and, except in trivial details, the interior is practically the same. Everything has been reproduced, and Jambon, who was anxious to hand his name down as the painter of the ceiling design, found himself

instructed to copy from photographs the former design. It was curious the anxiety of everyone to see the new fire-preventative methods that had been adopted, and the idea of putting Molière and Voltaire on movable statues caused much amusement. Considering that it took the Fire Brigade of the Marché St. Honoré three-quarters of an hour to cover the distance of a hundred yards at the last fire, I should have imagined that it would have been more simple to put the whole theatre on a *trottoir roulant* and wheel it round to the nearest fire-station to be put out in case of outbreak. The ode of Jean Richepin was pretty; but, candidly, I must ask him if he ever read the odes of Horace. There is a distinct family likeness between the reference to poor Mdle. Henriot and Horace's ode to the dead bird.

You will find the columns of the *Illustrated London News* of sixteen years ago, and, in point of fact, all papers of the period, record the enormous success of the Persian saxophonist, Looft Ali, at the Rivière Concerts at Her Majesty's. It was even suggested that English performers had much to learn in stage deportment from the Persian. And the famous Looft Ali was an Englishman, and has just been telling me his experiences. Rivière heard him play and engaged him, but, with the essential ideas of the showman, persisted that he should convert himself into the Shah's favourite saxophonist. This was done by Fox, the wig-maker of Covent Garden, who painted and decorated him out of recognition. Rivière was delighted with the success, until, on one unfortunate night, a card from the Persian Consul was left at the stage-door with a long message in Persian characters on the back. The nature of the message is unknown to the present day, and when it was shown to me an hour ago I could throw no light on the subject. But poor Rivière was in a state of terror. He ordered the stage-door keeper to explain to anyone who looked like a Persian that he (Rivière) was out, and that Looft Ali was indisposed. And that is the true story of Looft Ali, and he is still laughing at the "spoof" that Rivière and he played on the English public. There are many to-day in the Coldstream Band who will smile at this reminiscence.



MR. BEN NATHAN,
WHO, AT SHORT NOTICE, SO SUCCESSFULLY IMPERSONATED
THE PHRENOLOGIST IN "FLORODORA."
Photo by Langstaff, Old Bond Street, W.



MISS AGNES FRASER, WHO PLAYS THE LADY ELLA IN THE REVIVAL
OF "PATIENCE," AT THE SAVOY.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

ODE TO "THE THRUSH."

A Periodical for the publication of Original Poetry.

Gay little bird!

For, though
The winter sees your birth,
You do not pipe of fog on earth
Nor snow.

Game little bird!

You start
Your journey through the night
Of Art with song, for you are light
Of heart.

Rare little bird!

That comes
For love of us, nor asks
Reward for such sweet, willing tasks
In crumbs.

Dear little bird!

For long
Attune for us your lay,
And cheer our too prosaic way
With song. KEBLE HOWARD



A COMEDY AT HOME—MORE OR LESS.

SCENE: The drawing-room of a country house. One end of the room is cleared to represent the stage. Up R. is a door leading to hall. Window at back, heavily curtained. Settee up L. Piano down stage, R. The time is about an hour after dinner. The far end of the drawing-room is arranged as usual. It contains, amongst other things, several seductive chairs.

Grouped around the settee on the stage are the MISSES MAISIE, EVELYN, and BEATRICE, awaiting the instructions of the STAGE-MANAGER. Opposite them is a short gentleman with a fierce moustache, who plays a LIGHT-COMEDY FATHER. The STAGE-MANAGER, keen and alert, stands in the middle of the room facing the stage. At the far end of the room are the KINDLY HOSTESS, the GENIAL HOST, the AUNT, MISS DAISY, the CURATE, and the JUVENILE LEAD.

Through the open door which leads to the hall comes a sound of laughter and chattering. The click of billiard-balls and, occasionally, the fizz of a soda-water syphon are also heard.

STAGE-MANAGER (energetically smacking his leg with a military cane of regulation length). Now then, I want to work up this curtain to the First Act. The regiment, you see, is just arriving in the town. The band is heard in the distance at first, and gradually comes nearer. Then the people in the street begin to cheer, and the ladies must get highly excited and rush to the window. The Comedy Father, who is military-mad, dances round the room singing a military song. The Curate and the Juvenile Lead rush in and add to the uproar, not forgetting to do a little flirting aside with their respective admired ones. Miss Maisie throws a bouquet, and hits the Colonel's charger on the nose. When the enthusiasm is at its height, enter the Heavy Father—who hates military people—and commands his daughters to come away from the window. They laugh him to scorn, give a ringing cheer for the soldiers, and down comes the curtain. Perhaps Miss Daisy will kindly play a march on the piano to represent the band.

MISS DAISY (sitting down at the piano). Certainly. What shall I play?

STAGE-MANAGER. Oh, anything will do! Something stirring, you know.

COMEDY FATHER. "Our 'Appy Little 'Ome" makes a good march.

MISS BEATRICE. Or, "Oh, Listen to the Band!" is a good one.

KINDLY HOSTESS. I always like the "War March of the Priests" so much, dear!

MISS DAISY. Well, which is it to be?

[COMEDY FATHER, MISS BEATRICE, and KINDLY HOSTESS repeat their suggestions in chorus.

STAGE-MANAGER. It really doesn't matter. Anything stirring will do. (Then shouting as MISS DAISY dashes off into "Oh, Listen to the Band!") Wait a minute, please! Your cue is, "They ought to be here by now." When Miss Maisie says that, begin to play in quick time, but very softly. Now, Miss Maisie, your line.

MISS MAISIE (who has been deep in conversation with MISS EVELYN as to the costumes they will wear in the Third Act). Awfully sorry! Let me see. Oh, yes! "I've hit the Colonel's charger on the nose."

STAGE-MANAGER. No; that's the wrong place! I want you to begin at, "They ought to be here by now." That gives Miss Daisy her cue for the piano, and then the Comedy Father exclaims, "Here they come, girls! Listen to the band!"

MISS MAISIE. Oh, yes! I see. (Speaking line.) "They ought to be here by now."

[There is a pause. Everybody turns and looks at MISS DAISY. She is groping about on the floor near the piano.

MISS DAISY (still groping). So sorry! I've lost a little pig off my bangle.

CURATE (jumping up and speaking together). Oh, let me JUVENILE LEAD look for it!

MISS DAISY. Thanks very much! Now I'm ready.

[She dashes off into "Oh! Listen to the Band!"]

STAGE-MANAGER (shouting through music). One moment, please, one moment! (MISS DAISY stops playing reluctantly.) I think we'll just have your cue again, Miss Maisie.

MISS MAISIE (promptly). "I've hit the Colonel's charger on the nose."

[All laugh except the STAGE-MANAGER.

STAGE-MANAGER (smiling sweetly). No; the other line, please: "They ought to be here by now."

MISS MAISIE. I'm so sorry! (Speaking line.) "They ought to be here by now."

[MISS DAISY, for the third time, breaks into "Oh! Listen to the Band!"]

STAGE-MANAGER. Quietly, Miss Daisy, if you please! The soldiers are in the distance as yet. (Turning round to stage.) Comedy Father's line, please!

COMEDY FATHER. I've said it.

STAGE-MANAGER. I'm sorry. I didn't hear you.

COMEDY FATHER (smiling tolerantly). No; you were talking to Miss Daisy when I said it.

STAGE-MANAGER (with forced air of good-fellowship). Well, let's have it again, old man.

COMEDY FATHER (speaking quickly, and intensely bored). "Here-they-come-girls-listen-to-the-band!"

STAGE-MANAGER (with enthusiasm). Capital! Now the girls rush to the window and lean out. Cheer, everybody! Hooray! One moment, Miss Daisy!

[Music stops suddenly, and the AUNT is heard quietly saying "Hooray!" to herself. She is knitting all the time. Everybody laughs. MISS DAISY jumps up and kisses her impulsively.

STAGE-MANAGER. I want to see the Comedy Father prance round the room singing at the top of his voice. (Sweetly, to COMEDY FATHER.) Will you remember to prance?

COMEDY FATHER (coldly). Delighted!

STAGE-MANAGER (cheerily). That's right, then! Music, please, Miss Daisy.

[Scene as before. COMEDY FATHER prances languidly and murmurs a tune.

STAGE-MANAGER (shouting). Curate and Juvenile Lead rush on R. U. E., please!

CURATE (shouting together from behind piano). But JUVENILE LEAD we're looking for the pig!

STAGE-MANAGER (forgetting himself). Bother the pig! I beg your pardon. Stop a moment, Miss Daisy. The Curate and the Juvenile Lead simply must come on there! Find the pig afterwards.

[CURATE and JUVENILE LEAD rise reluctantly, brush the knees of their trousers, and apologise at length to MISS DAISY. She thanks them sweetly. They retire to their entrance. The music starts again. Scene as before.

STAGE-MANAGER (shouting). Now, Miss Maisie, your line!

MISS MAISIE (at window). "I've hit the Colonel's charger on the nose."

STAGE-MANAGER (shouting to MISS DAISY). Stop, stop, please! (To MISS MAISIE.) I think, if I were you, I would leave the window there. You are overcome with confusion, you see. Now, then, let's do that again. By the way, where's the Heavy Father?

[Everybody shouts "Dick!" There is a pause.

DICK (heard off, through fizzing of syphon). Hullo!

CURATE (shouting). It's your cue, you ass!

DICK (still heard off). Right you are! I'll be there in a minute. Don't wait!

GIRLS (in chorus). But we are waiting!

DICK (heard approaching). Sorry! (Enters R. U. E. with glass in his hand.) Right you are! Fire away!

STAGE-MANAGER. We'll have this last bit again, please. Places, everybody. Miss Daisy, piano! Comedy Father, prance! Curate and Juvenile Lead, cheer! Miss Maisie, don't forget to leave the window when you say your line. Heavy Father, you enter as Miss Maisie is speaking. Now, off we go!

[Scene as before. MISS MAISIE suddenly rushes from window saying her line. HEAVY FATHER enters at that moment. They collide violently and subside on to the floor. Everybody shrieks with laughter.

STAGE-MANAGER (throwing himself into chair). Curtain, curtain, curtain!

Chicote



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII.

MONTE CARLO: THE GAMBLER'S PARADISE.

THE news that the Queen has finally decided to honour the Hôtel Cimiez with her presence in the coming Spring is likely to make the Riviera, the "Playground of Princes," more popular than ever. Monaco, or perhaps it would be more honest to say,

MONTE CARLO,

is in more senses than one the heart of the Riviera, and, with the exception of Queen Victoria herself, there is scarce a British visitor to Southern France but pays at least one visit to the Principality "where little Monaco basking smiles." Both in the Old and in the New World goddesses terrestrial and celestial are fitly lodged, but it may be safely asserted that nowhere does the Goddess of Chance find so splendid a resting-place as in the Casino of Monte Carlo, the splendid pile of buildings built by Garnier, to whose genius was also due that wonderful feature of Imperial Paris, the Grand Opera House.

A PALACE OF PLEASURE.

The actual gambling-rooms, although they have been much beautified and enlarged of late years, form, from a material point of view, only an insignificant portion of the huge building which cost close on a million pounds; and it is quite possible for the innocent visitor to

the more complicated game, endless mathematical combinations of numbers being made possible by the arrangement of the wonderful little machine which is popularly supposed on the Continent to have been devised by the Prince of Darkness himself!

THE SYSTEM THE THING.

Innumerable accounts of Monte Carlo have been written, but it is curious how few of those scribes who set out to give a picture of "Charley's Mount," and of the society thereon, seem to give a thought to the great system question. Every gambler has a system of his own, and, instead of being anxious to keep it to himself, is desirous of imparting it to his neighbour. It need hardly be said that the few systems that are really profitable are very old; but many people have a mania for elaborating new ones for themselves, and innumerable books have been written testifying to the value of this or that system. Of course, the only infallible way of making money on an even chance is by doubling the stake as long as the luck goes against the player. This is the reason why, both at roulette and trente-et-quarante, the stakes are limited to a comparatively small sum—in the case of roulette, to six thousand francs—that is, £280. Only ready-money dealings are accepted, and this is, on the whole, a very good thing. It is said, and probably with truth, that a certain number of people make each year their hotel-expenses at the tables:



MONTE CARLO: THE CONCERT-HALL.

Monte Carlo to spend a happy day in the Casino without ever going near, or, for the matter of that, even seeing the modest Salles de Jeu, and the passing stranger soon discovers one pleasant difference between the Casino of Monte Carlo and the similar establishments scattered over Europe, for, from first to last, there is nothing to pay! The great reading-rooms, filled literally with the periodical literature of the world, are open to all, as is also the splendid theatre, where daily gratis concerts take place. Even when the greatest actors and actresses are engaged to give theatrical performances, only a nominal fee is charged, the same price of admission being asked for all parts of the house.

It is an absolute fact that hundreds of people spend each winter at Monte Carlo without ever going near the gambling-rooms; although, of course, all this luxury and splendour, to say nothing of the huge income flowing in to the Prince of Monaco, is paid for by the comparatively humble-looking individuals who each day crowd the suite of rooms where the Goddess of Chance holds her Court.

ROULETTE AND TRENTE-ET-QUARANTE.

Only two gambling games are played at Monte Carlo—roulette and trente-et-quarante, and yet, although silver may be staked at the one, and only gold at the other, it is at roulette that really large sums are generally lost, each roulette-table being supposed to make an average profit of five hundred pounds a-day, more than double that turned in by the simpler gold game. On the other hand, it must be admitted that "the man who breaks the bank at Monte Carlo" always does so at fascinating roulette; and the innumerable gambling systems, which add so dangerous an interest to gambling, are necessarily grouped round

but those fortunate few belong to the type of player who comes into the room for only five minutes each day. Such a man watches his opportunity, plays very high, and in such a fashion that he has a momentary advantage over the bank, and, when once he has won, retires quickly with his winnings; while, should he have the misfortune to lose his stake, he cuts his loss and hopes for better luck next day. Fortunately for those who have money invested in the Monte Carlo Gambling Concession Company, this type of player is extremely rare, for very few players leave the Principality until they are completely cleaned out.

A LOVELY NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Within a drive of Monte Carlo are demure Mentone, exclusive Cap Martin, retired Beaulieu—where Lord Salisbury possesses such a delightful villa—and Royal Cimiez; and many people who would not care to stay at Monte Carlo itself like to be within an hour's railway journey of the Palace of Play—indeed, many inveterate gamblers have their habitat at Mentone, Nice, or Cannes, and it has been said that more money is lost at the Nice Gambling Clubs in one night than at Monte Carlo in the course of a month.

SOCIAL MONTE CARLO.

There is, of course, another side of life at Monte Carlo. The hotels there are probably the most palatial and luxurious in the world, and no *chef* who respects himself but spends a portion of each year ministering to the *gourmets* who spend the major portion of their winnings on their lunches, dinners, and suppers; but, were the gambling concession once withdrawn, this world-famous place would become another Pompeii.

MONTE CARLO: THE GAMBLER'S PARADISE.



THE CASINO: NEW HALL OF TRENTE-ET QUARANTE.



THE THEATRE.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The Commencement de Siècle Infant—The Vogue of "Bridge"—Afternoon "Bridge"—"Bridge" or Baccarat?—Moral Reflections on "Bridge"—Whist by Telegraph—"Not at Home."

THE modern New Year holiday child is degenerate. It is his parents, uncles, and aunts who get up uproarious house-parties to play "round" games, toboggan down the stairs after nightfall, lay booby-traps for each other, and indulge in the other innocent pranks of childhood. The twentieth-century infant "accepts" for nothing under a dance (eleven till two). He, perhaps, condescends to flirt in a *blasé* way, exchanges the current scandals and discusses the War, ridicules "that absurd thing" at the pantomime, and makes arrangements for a party for a box at the legitimate drama. Or he unbends over a little quiet gambling at "bridge."

The extraordinary popularity of "bridge" is—as it naturally should be, by-the-bye—extraordinary. As a rule, men, if well fed, do not care by what game they are amused, as long as it does not involve thinking. Women require something at which they can cheat. "Bridge" violates both these canons. Shuffling and dealing—departments which offer the experienced player the chief scope for his skill—are absurdly restricted by the rules. The dealer may not look at the face of the cards or shuffle them under the table. "Dummy" may not glance at the adversaries' hands and then direct his partner by pressing his toes under—a device well known to good whist-players. The score is constantly checked—another point of inferiority to golf, croquet, and other pastimes.

The scoring in the game wants revolutionising; only a professional accountant can do it properly at present. "Honours" are at first complicated. The dealer plays falsely throughout. But brain-power is not so offensively a requisite as appears to the beginner—sufficiently so, however, to disqualify "bridge" as a Society pursuit. Yet whist-playing clubs are abandoning themselves to the "faster" game. "Bridge" columns are being opened in papers. A successful medical man has thrown up his practice to teach "bridge" professionally at fancy rates. Afternoon-"bridge" often takes the place of afternoon-tea.

"Bridge" tournaments are almost certain to be the next "rage." They are arranged for charities in New York (Note for earnest-minded hostesses: Hold a tournament and hand the proceeds to the Anti-Gambling League). Fashionable parties sit down to the game studiously at eleven o'clock (a.m., not p.m.). But will baccarat—the ideal of a game—be ousted? It postulates no more than a knowledge of the first ten numerals—to know how many spots make five is really enough. And it is *par excellence* the game for embezzlement. Like "bridge," it possesses the attraction of enabling one to lose large sums of money rapidly without fatigue. Games of chance, unfortunately, are the one recreation which cannot be defended as being vaguely "good for trade."

Probably the modern spirit of "rush"—traceable in those sensational sports, croquet and golf—has substituted "bridge" for whist. A single game in Sarah Battle's day took an appreciable time. The older school of Chinese and Japanese hand down games of chess and go-bang from father to son, and some of them occupy as many generations as an international yacht-race in America. Old English football-matches lasted all day, the players dropping out every five hours or so for a meal and a siesta. A famous cricketer of a past age was "discovered" by staying "in" for a week in a local match.

"Bridge" is the shorthand of whist. The rate of scoring games and rubbers, the value of "honours" and the high play obtainable by frenzied "doubling," permit the earnest player to ruin himself at an exhilarating pace. Without this, no pastime can be enjoyable. Each of us labours under the delusion that he is less a fool than his neighbour, and, given time, can defraud him. The age is commercial. Social *réunions* are now a recognised road to bankruptcy. Games reflect a nation's character. A glance at last century—the papers have been "glancing" at it studiously for weeks—shows the amusements at its beginning coarse and brutal. All the early Victorian cruel sports, except "forfeits," have been suppressed. Hockey, though much played by girls, is considered too barbarous by men of refinement. War was, a generation ago, a fashionable pastime with the "smartest" young men, but is now becoming so vulgar as to be deeply tainted with professionalism.

Of course, "there are others." Undoubtedly popular just now is "ping-pong," a form of table-tennis—a game which has been developing for years. The destruction of property involved makes it supported by crockery-manufacturers and picture-dealers. The German Emperor is encouraging a species of draughts called "solta"—probably exciting enough for Germans. The wonder is that we have time to play anything. Nowadays, we lunch at one restaurant, dine at another, the theatre is *de rigueur* after that, and we have supper at a third establishment. Modern home-life begins about twelve midnight, except for perhaps twenty minutes or so in the afternoon. The conscientious servant of the twentieth need put no strain upon her principles by saying that her mistress is "not at home."

HILL ROWAN.

ARMY REORGANISATION

LESSONS OF THE BOER WAR.

BY AN OFFICER WHO FOUGHT IN THE CAMPAIGN.

FOURTH ARTICLE.

ONE branch of our Service which has reaped undying laurels in this campaign is our infantry. Truly no praise can be too high for those gallant men who at Magersfontein and Colenso upheld the glorious traditions of our Army in the face of the most terrible experiences ever imposed on any troops. It seems almost incredible that the same men should again and again walk coolly through veritable tempests of lead, thoroughly aware of the hopelessness of the attempt. Yet they did it, though they knew, and that characterises the British soldier now as it did in former days. Undaunted, irresistible, our brave infantrymen have shown the world what infantry can do, and many of our successes have been due to the individual soldier. Our men will go anywhere and do anything; but they must be led. Do we train our officers to lead them as they should be led? A youngster joining an infantry regiment from the Militia or Sandhurst, having been crammed with a good deal of useful knowledge which he has not time to mentally digest, with very limited practical experience of anything, starts on his career full of martial ardour and determined to make his way up in the glorious profession of arms. His comrades, good sportsmen and courteous gentlemen all, make him welcome, and he feels that he will be happy in his career. His ardour, however, is soon damped by his surroundings. He finds his Captain more anxious about kit-inspections than the occasion seems to warrant. The Major's energies are, seemingly, devoted entirely to the flourishing business of coffee-shop and canteen. The Commanding Officer devotes several mornings a-week to drill-formations which the inexperienced subaltern has been taught are obsolete. The Adjutant's spirits are constantly depressed by "crime" in the regiment and the musketry returns.

When he goes forth to war, glorious war, the young officer finds much difficulty in following the course of events. As a rule, he moves about among more or less large bodies of men without the faintest notion of the objective of the operations he is assisting in. No one explains to him what the general idea is, what part his own corps in particular is expected to take in the proceedings, and, eventually, what the result has been. This naturally prevents him from practically proving the value of such technical instruction as he may have had during the term of his education at Sandhurst or a crammer's.

In foreign armies, every officer is acquainted with the general and special idea of any manœuvre that takes place, and is called upon to instruct the men under his command accordingly. At the conclusion of operations, the result is discussed by the leaders of the different units, by whom it is again communicated to their subordinates, thus encouraging an intelligent interest and a more thorough appreciation of the practical application of tactics. It has struck me that the attack formation of our infantry, though perhaps permissible in this campaign, might lead to much confusion and consequent disaster if used against an energetic opponent who would not lose an opportunity to push home a counter-attack. Whole companies, even battalions, extended in firing-line, with other battalions likewise extended acting as support and reserve, lack the cohesion necessary to repel counter-attack. In an open country, against an enemy who leaves his position only in order to retire, and does not even attempt to take advantage of a check or a retrograde movement, this lack of cohesion, and consequently of control, is not such a grave disadvantage as it might become under different circumstances. For instance, in a country of small fields intersected by many hedges, stone walls, and copses, a company extended in line would soon pass out of the control of its commander, much more so a battalion. Supports and reserves extended in that manner would be difficult to control, to concentrate, and to bring up to support an attack to ward off an attempted turning movement on the part of an active enemy.

Each unit should form its own support and reserve. Thus, in the case of a battalion attacking, the Commanding Officer, having decided on how broad a front he intends to attack, being guided by the nature of the country and the strength of his opponent, would make his dispositions in the following manner: According to the front he intends to occupy, three or four companies in the firing-line, two or three to support, and the remainder in reserve. The Commanding Officer explains his plan to the Company Commanders, giving each company in the firing-line its section of country. These Company Commanders then dispose of their commands according to the nature of the country in the section allotted to them, placing one or two sections in the actual firing-line, the remainder acting as support and reserve to their own company. The Company Commander places himself wherever he can best observe the course of events and control his company, acting in conjunction with the companies to his right and left. In the case of flank companies, the section or sections in reserve would, if necessary, be in echelon outwards, with a non-commissioned officer's patrol or picket well to the flank. The companies in support, acting under the Company Commanders, take cover in whatever formation seems advisable, the companies in reserve likewise, but possibly in echelon outwards, both support and reserve safeguarding their own outer flanks. The depth would in every case be regulated by the nature of the country and the strength of the enemy. The greater the resistance of the enemy, and consequent power of counter-attack, the greater would have to be the depth of the attacking force.



MR. JOHN HARE AS "THE GAY LORD QUEX" (NOW A "HIT" IN NEW YORK).

This, the only photograph ever taken of the famous comedian as Lord Quex, is reproduced in "The Sketch" by special request of Mr. John Hare.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA.

ITS FIRST CABINET.

IT is surely of happiest omen that the birthday of the Commonwealth of Australia should be of "even date"—to use an expression which has come to us from the other great branch of the Anglo-Saxon race—with that of the century which has just begun. Amidst the universal acclamations of the whole English-speaking world, and amidst the congratulations, sincere or feigned, of other nations, United Australia takes up her political birthright, and, to employ the vivid, illuminating word of her first Prime Minister, stands henceforward as "Partner" with the Mother Country by the side of Canada. It is a vast step in the development of the British Empire, the importance of which it is hardly possible to exaggerate.

FROM THE QUEEN ON THE THRONE,

who will presently send the Duke and Duchess of York to Sydney to open the First Parliament of the Commonwealth, to the lowliest amongst us who understands something of the meaning of our Flag, there is felt nothing but joy at the consummation of this most auspicious event.

The first Cabinet of the new Federation, which, by the way, covers for the first time in history a whole continent, has just been formed, and upon its members lies a double burden—the burden of a great honour and the burden of a great responsibility. There need be no fear that they will prove

EQUAL TO BOTH THE HONOUR
AND THE RESPONSIBILITY.

Mr. Barton and his fellow Ministers have fought a long fight, in which victory was often doubtful, and to them belongs the victory, with all the honour it confers. They are, besides, statesmen of no mean rank—men in whose hands the destinies of Australia may be safely left. As announced by cable, the Cabinet consists of the Right Hon. Edmund Barton, Prime Minister and Minister of State for Exterior (Foreign) Affairs; Sir J. R. Dickson, K.C.M.G., Minister of State for Defence; the Hon. Alfred Deakin, Attorney-General and Minister of State for Justice; Sir W. J. Lyne, K.C.M.G., Minister of State for Home Affairs; Sir George Turner, P.C., K.C.M.G., Minister of Finance; the Hon. C. C. Kingston, P.C., Minister of State for Commerce; and Sir John Forrest, who received on New Year's Day a Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George, Postmaster-General. In addition to these gentlemen, who are drawn from Australia proper, Tasmania will be represented in the Cabinet by the Hon. N. E. Lewis, a Minister without portfolio.

Mr. Barton, Australia's first Prime Minister, who was over here last year as the Delegate of New South Wales when the Act constituting the Commonwealth was under consideration by the Imperial Parliament, is a Sydney man by birth, having been born at the Glebe, Jan. 18, 1849. After a very distinguished University career, in the course of which he won many scholarships and prizes, he was called to the Bar of New South Wales in 1871, and in the same year "stood" as candidate for his University for the Legislative Assembly, but was defeated by a few votes. In 1877 he succeeded in capturing the seat. He was Speaker of the Assembly from 1883 to 1887, and subsequently was Attorney-General. For many years he has been

A STRONG ADVOCATE FOR FEDERATION,

and it is owing to his efforts more than to those of any other Australian that the Commonwealth has been established.

New South Wales is the premier Colony—the parent Colony, in fact—and so, like Victoria, the next most important Colony, it has two members in the Cabinet, the second being Sir William Lyne, at present Premier of New South Wales. A Tasmanian by birth, he is a man of great political experience, having been a Colonial "M.P." for some twenty years.

Victoria has two representatives in the Cabinet, in Mr. Deakin, Minister of Justice, and Sir George Turner, the Treasurer. The latter is the present Premier of the Colony. Mr. Deakin has been once or twice in England, and rendered important service last year, when the Act was in course of passing through the Imperial Parliament. He has held

Cabinet positions in several Victorian Ministries, and is a devoted believer in the Empire. He is a journalist by profession, being connected with the Melbourne *Age* and *Leader*. Sir George Turner is a Melbourne solicitor.

The Minister of Trade and Customs, the Right Hon. C. C. Kingston, stands for South Australia in the Cabinet. He has been Premier and Attorney-General of his Colony, and, as President of the Australian Federal Convention in 1897, had much to do with the

FINAL SHAPING OF THE COMMONWEALTH ACT.

Sir James Dickson, the representative of Queensland, is an Englishman by birth—the only one in the Cabinet—having been born at Plymouth in 1832. He first became a Member of the Legislative Assembly of his Colony in 1873, and was given Cabinet rank three years later. The Postmaster-General, Sir John Forrest, is at present Premier and Colonial Treasurer of Western Australia. The Hon. N. E. Lewis, of Tasmania, is Premier and Attorney-General of the Island Province.

Hitherto, the affairs of the Australian Colonies, so far as they more immediately relate to England, have been diligently looked after in London by the Agent-General of each Colony, the Hon. Henry Copland acting for New South Wales, Sir Andrew Clarke for Victoria, Sir John Cockburn for South Australia, Sir Horace Tozer for Queensland, and Sir E. Wittenoom for Western Australia. (The Tasmanian Agency is at present vacant.) Now, however,

A COMMONWEALTH OFFICE,

like that of the Dominion of Canada, will be opened in London, with a High Commissioner, whose position will be the same as that of Lord Strathcona. But it is not proposed at present to do away with the Colonial Agencies, which serve many useful purposes.

THE LATE CHIEF-INSPECTOR
HORSLEY.

Chief-Inspector Horsley, whose stalwart figure and fine bearing gave an air of dignity to the rare ceremonial processions of Members of Parliament he was required to marshal, was most conspicuous in the great gathering of peers and commoners at Westminster Hall on the day of Mr. Gladstone's funeral, when he led the long line of legislators who marched down the ancient hall to assemble around the coffin of the dead statesman then lying in state. It was his last appearance at a public function of any interest beyond the walls of Parliament, and many of those who formed that remarkable concourse, which, seen in a "dim, religious light," had a strange, weird, and almost ghostly aspect, have since passed away into the land of shadows and silence.

With the death of Chief-Inspector Horsley some relaxation may be hoped for in the rigorous military rule which he was responsible for carrying out within the precincts of

the Houses of Parliament. When he first took command, after the dynamite outrage in Westminster Hall, the amiable government of the genial Inspector Denning was superseded by a despotic system of police guardianship which, however excusable at first, has long ceased to be necessary. While it caused needless inconvenience to visitors having business with legislators, and to "M.P.'s" themselves, whom it frequently placed in absurd positions, its weaknesses have often been exposed in a manner showing its essential impracticability and absurdity. If years of peace have not lessened the terrors of our self-important representatives, and they still wish to be protected more carefully than Czars, Kaisers, or crowned heads in general, a guard at each outer entrance, such as the Metropolitan Police on special duty in the provinces place at the gates of the Royal Dockyards, would be amply sufficient for security.

The great "Oxford Dictionary of the English Language" makes progress. On the first day of the New Century the publication of the fourth volume was completed, and that of the fifth volume advanced to the middle of "J."

A copy of a very interesting letter of Thackeray's is now on sale. It was sent to Miss Holmes, who learnt it by heart, as the novelist told her to destroy the original after reading it, and it relates to the time when he was in the hospital "tossing in fever and pain."



RIGHT HON. E. BARTON, Q.C., PRIME MINISTER AND MINISTER OF
STATE FOR EXTERIOR AFFAIRS.

Photo. by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA: ITS FIRST CABINET.

From Photographs by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.



SIR JOHN FORREST, POSTMASTER-GENERAL.



RIGHT HON. C. C. KINGSTON, MINISTER OF STATE FOR COMMERCE.



SIR J. R. DICKSON, MINISTER OF STATE FOR DEFENCE.



HON. A. DEAKIN, ATTORNEY-GENERAL AND MINISTER OF STATE FOR JUSTICE.

THE DAVOS-PLATZ SEASON.

DAVOS-PLATZ is a name sufficiently familiar to the majority of people to require no introduction, for, although little more than a village, this little High Alps sanatorium for those suffering from pulmonary diseases has gained a world-wide reputation owing to the marvellous cures effected there. So it is by chance that Davos-Platz has escaped the stately isolation amid its snow, ice, and mountains enjoyed by other not less healthy or less beautiful places in the Upper Alps—and Davos makes the most of its opportunities. One reason that Davos is more familiar and more largely patronised is that it is more accessible than some of the other Swiss health-resorts, and another is that the social life is very pleasant.

It is upon the social aspect, rather than the medical, of the Davos Season, which is now in full swing, that I wish to dwell, for some strange sides of human nature are revealed during a stay from, say, October to April, when lung-sufferers from all part of the world eagerly flock thither buoyed up by the long record of cures which stands to its credit. The society is, therefore, as may be supposed, of a somewhat polyglot nature, and during a day one may hear almost every language

A little way from the village is the lake which forms the principal attraction for the visitors to Davos. It is a mile in length, and, when in condition for skating, is about as perfect a sheet of ice as one can imagine. At the time of writing, it is superb—exceptionally good even for Davos—and there is every prospect of a continuance of the frost, which bids fair to make this a record lake-skating season at Davos. The ice is at present a foot thick, and as clear as crystal—in fact, more than one new-comer, glancing down through its glassy depths and seeing the fish swimming about beneath, has involuntarily started and turned hastily to the shore, scarcely able to believe that any substantial body divides him from the waters below. It is almost vain to attempt a description of the lake on a clear, sunny day, with the thermometer standing at eighty degrees in the sun, and perhaps ten degrees in the shade. Above is a cloudless blue sky; on all sides are the snow-clad mountains, positively blinding in their whiteness, and underfoot is a sheet of ice over which it is a sort of delicious dream to move. And among these arctic surroundings are people in summer-costumes—straw-hats, sunshades, and sun-spectacles being very conspicuous. Wraps are scarcely needed even by those who are too ill to indulge in the violent exercise, and who sit round the lake watching the skaters; but at sunset down



SKATING ON THE DAVOS-PLATZ ICE-RINK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PRESS PHOTOGRAPHIC BUREAU, UPPER NORWOOD.

in Europe and see types of almost every nationality. Then, again, there are the "lungers," as the cure-seekers are familiarly called, and the sound visitors who have been attracted either by the presence of friends or by the fame of the Davos skating; so that even in Davos-Platz there are no end of social sets, but all are animated by one desire, to enjoy themselves as much as possible and to kill time in the way which most appeals to their particular tastes. Even the really bad cases display an amount of energy which, under the circumstances, is truly amazing, while those who may be described as the precautionary visitors are as indefatigable as the soundest of the sound in the pursuit of pleasure.

The peculiar charm of Davos-Platz is its situation. Well over five thousand feet above sea level, it possesses a wonderfully clear and exhilarating atmosphere, and lies amid beautiful surroundings. The air one breathes is in itself a tonic and an implacable foe to fatigue and boredom, and the scenery upon which one gazes is such as to compel the admiration of even the least enthusiastic admirers of Nature's grandeur. Mountains tower above the village on all sides, peak beyond peak rising through the clear air, and ever and anon seeming different in the varying light effects. Now grey and scowling, now dazzlingly white, now reflecting a soft, pink after-glow, these giants stand sentinel over the mountain villages which nestle on their sides.

goes the thermometer, and during the night there is a hard frost, which ensures a good day's skating to follow. And so the time passes.

When the lake-ice is in good condition, the rinks are deserted; but then the lake is not always safe, and ample provision has been made for the skaters by flooding meadows. There, the water being shallow, ice is easily obtainable, and a large staff of sweepers is employed to keep it in good condition and to re-flood when the surface gets at all cut up. The most important of these enclosures is 55,000 square feet in extent; but, although excellent, the rinks cannot be compared with the lake.

The Davos skating is as famous as the Davos consumption-cure, and the Clubs are justly regarded as being among the most important in Europe. The two most noteworthy are the Davos Skating Club, an exclusively British community, and the International Schlittschuh Club, which is open to all nations. To belong to either of these Clubs is a guarantee that a person knows "where and how to place his feet"—in fact, there is a regular examination before admission is granted.

Other ice-sports, hockey and curling, and like amusements, find a place on the Davos programme, and later in the season commence the contests in figure-skating and speed-tests, which are attended by the most famous skaters. [But on the last Sunday of 1900, the day before the foregoing was received, there was a heavy snow-fall.]



SKATING ON THE DAVOS-PLATZ LAKE:

SPECTATORS ENJOYING THE SUNSHINE AND THE LOVELY SCENERY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PRESS PHOTOGRAPHIC BUREAU, UPPER NORWOOD.

"THE SECOND IN COMMAND," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.



Muriel Mannering (Miss Sybil Carlisle). Major Bingham (Mr. Cyril Maude). Lieut.-Col. Anstruther (Mr. Allan Aynsworth).

BROTHERS IN WAR: RIVALS IN LOVE.



Muriel Mannering. Lieut. Sir Walter Mannering (Mr. Herbert Sleath).
MURIEL MANNERING TAKES LEAVE OF HER BROTHER BEFORE
HE GOES OUT TO THE WAR.



Lady Harburgh (Miss Fanny Coleman). Hon. Hildebrand Carstairs (Mr. A. Vane-Tempest). Norah Vining (Miss Muriel Beaumont).

A KHAKI HERO IS MINISTERED TO BY HIS MOTHER AND FIANCÉE.

"THE SECOND IN COMMAND," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

From a Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



[See "The Sketch" Theatre Gossip.

MISS SYBIL CARLISLE,

WHOSE FINE PERFORMANCE AS MURIEL MANNERING IS A GREAT FACTOR IN THE SUCCESS OF CAPTAIN MARSHALL'S PLAY.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

I UNDERSTAND that Mr. Kipling's first play founded upon the "Jungle Book" will be produced by Mr. Cameron. Mr. Cameron is a son of Mrs. Cameron the friend of Tennyson, and, as will be remembered, has been previously and successfully concerned in the production of plays. Mr. Kipling has allowed the dramatisation of "The Light that Failed," but has himself taken no part in the work.

I understand also that Mr. Heinemann is to publish another play through Mr. John Lane.

Although the book trade for 1900 was in some respects unsatisfactory, there were bright spots here and there. The expensive art-books issued by various enterprising publishers were particularly successful. In several cases I know every copy was sold: what is even more remarkable, the higher-priced copies sold best. When such books are sold out, there is a good profit on them, but, on the other hand, the risk is very considerable.

One of the most interesting of books of this year will be the "Life and Letters of James Russell Lowell." When Lowell died, his distinguished friend, Professor Eliot Norton, was requested to undertake his biography. Mr. Norton did not see his way, and for a considerable time it was thought that the two volumes of Lowell's correspondence would be his biographical monument. However, this was felt to be unsatisfactory, and at last Mr. Horace E. Scudder, one of the most eminent veterans in the American world of letters, was induced to take up the task. He has just finished the first draft, and is revising it. The book may be expected in the autumn. Mr. Scudder has been for many years the literary adviser for Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co., one of the best and soundest firms in America. He also edited for long the *Atlantic Monthly*, which ranks with the *Nation* as the best purely literary periodical in the United States. Mr. Scudder does most of his work at his home in Cambridge, and pays regular visits to this country, where he has a large and warmly attached circle of friends.

The first volume of "The *Times* History of the War in South Africa" is published by Messrs. Sampson Low, and is in every respect handsomely got up. The Editor is Mr. L. S. Amery, Fellow of All Souls, and he has been assisted by Miss Flora Shaw and Mr. Monypenny. The book has for an appropriate frontispiece a portrait of Mr. Chamberlain, which is as good as any I have ever seen. Mr. Amery has carefully studied all the literature, and part of his narrative is written from personal experience, as he had the good-fortune to be in Pretoria or with General Joubert's force at Sandpruit from Sept. 24 to Oct. 13. He writes in a good spirit, and speaks of Mr. Kruger as the Hannibal of the Afrikaner race, and with "a strong sense of admiration and of pity for the measure both of his success and of his failure." As to the justice of the War and the misgovernment of Mr. Kruger he has no doubt at all. In no book known to me will the reader find so full a summary of the facts, although it is not to be expected that every opinion will command universal assent. The most debatable chapter is undoubtedly that on the Jameson Raid. Mr. Amery speaks of Steyn as "a weak creature." Mr. Schreiner's vacillation he attributes to nervous apprehension as to the moral effect which would be produced on the Free State by any act which would seem to indicate the mere possibility of open rupture. Documents are freely included. The style has not the colour and picturesqueness of Dr. Doyle's excellent book, but it is simple and sufficient. On the whole, the first instalment gives promise of a valuable addition to the literature of the subject, and it will be all the more valuable if documents continue to be freely used.

One of the most delightful of recent travel-books is Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell's "Life and Sport on the Pacific Slope." Mr. Vachell, who has attained considerable distinction as a novelist, spent many years in California, and married a Californian lady. His style is remarkably picturesque, and the volume is enlivened by many bright anecdotes. Mr. Vachell gives careful and detailed advice to Englishmen who think of going to California. Such a sound and complete collection of facts does not exist anywhere, and this alone would give his book a real value. But those who have no thought of leaving their own country may learn much from his picture of the West of a country where the climate and soil are wonderful, the mineral wealth is incalculable, and the possibilities of making money are infinite.

It is possible that a new literary journal may be started by Mr. J. A. Stewart, the well-known novelist, who has retired from the editorship of the *Publishers' Circular*.

Among the old periodicals which have lately taken a new start, the most conspicuous is the *Fortnightly Review*, which, by the way, is the oldest of them all. Under the spirited editorship of Mr. W. L. Courtney, it has lately been full of attractive articles. The Editor has shown particular skill in the selection of subjects, and, as a rule, they have been treated by competent writers. One of his great scores has been the securing of Sir Robert Hart as a contributor to the January number. Sir Robert Hart sends an article, "China and Reconstruction: November 1900." The *Nineteenth Century* is also maintained with great spirit. It is to retain its title in the new century, adding the words, "and After"—a curious solution of a very obvious difficulty. Mr. Sidney Low is henceforth to review the politics of the month from a Conservative standpoint, while Sir Wemyss Reid will represent the Liberal view.

O. O.

SOME SPORTSMEN.

I. MR. X.—A COCKNEY.

THREE years ago, his father made a large sum of money by methods not discussed outside the City. In the following summer, a grouse-moor was secured, a house was rented, and a small party, compared by a wag to oil and water because its component parts would not mingle happily, assembled when August days were hot. Brief stories have circulated in town telling how one canny keeper resigned office on the second day of the sport, how two underlings and three dogs fell to the guns between the Twelfth of August and Sept. 1. How much of the stories was true I will not pretend to say.

Last autumn, I met X. for the first time. We were week-end visitors to a pleasant place on the South Coast where the season's bag averages eight hundred to a thousand pheasants, and there are as many rabbits as men will take the trouble to shoot. For armament, my acquaintance had a pair of double-barrelled ejector-guns that cost, as he did not fail to tell me, one hundred and twenty guineas. He had his two-year-old crest stamped on gun-case and cartridge-case; his shooting-jacket was a wonderful patent by which he could take gymnastic exercises without straining the seams. He drank at least as much as was good for him at dinner on the night of his arrival, and in the billiard-room spoke at great length of his exploits earlier in the season. When I went to bed, he was laying down the laws relating to driving hand-reared birds, to the great amusement of two guests and the half-concealed disgust of a third.

In the morning, X. looked rather the worse for wear. He had sat up late and beguiled the hours with whisky, so his complexion was inclined to revolt and his hand was not steady. The sharp tramp from the house to the edge of the first wood to be beaten was enough to stimulate anybody; the air was keen, and had all the exhilaration of wine without its after-effects. I was shooting with one gun only, and was placed by myself; X. and a loader were on my right, the other guns on the left. The birds were brought over the guns very well, and even the excitement of hitting and missing left me conscious that my right-hand neighbour was bringing off some very good shots. High, swift-going birds that did not belong to me, though I could see them, came tumbling down well shot, and I began to repent of my suddenly formed opinion that the man was no good. My own unsuccessful attempts at some of the high-fliers added largely to my modesty. At last the covert was clear, and we moved off to another. X. and I walked side by side, and, with the head keeper's consent, I suggested a slight detour for the two of us, across a small field of turnips or mangel. I had an idea that something would come along; and something came, in the shape of a hen-pheasant that rose up five yards from X. and went straight away. He emptied two barrels at it before it had gone fifteen yards—and missed with both. "Took me off my guard," he remarked, as the spent cartridges went over his shoulder. A minute later, a rabbit rose from the furrow in front of him and went straight away. He fired, and missed with the first barrel and killed with the second; but bunny was no more than twelve yards away, and was a sorry sight—more lead than rabbit.

Like the sailor's parrot, I was content to think. We joined the rest of the party when the field was crossed, and I took my place where I could see the birds that came to X. Mine chanced to be a warm corner; birds came out rather easily at first, then some manoeuvre within the wood made them rise in another place, and they passed high over my corner towards my neighbour. Clearly his eye and hand were working well again; there was some pretty shooting. "I suppose he gets nervous when he's not alone," I said to myself, and thought no more about the matter. At lunch, X. proclaimed his thirst, and proceeded to gratify it generously, while the old hands were quite abstemious and anxious to get back to work. In the afternoon, the morning's history repeated itself until the light began to fail. Then, for the last drive of the day, some birds that had been carefully shepherded were returned to a wood, and the guns were placed in a line. I saw X. despoil two fine cock-birds of their tail-plumage, kill two others badly, and miss several shots that had few of the difficulties of his earlier achievements. "Beastly light," he hastened to say when the last birds had passed over.

In the evening he was decidedly offensive. He boasted that forty-six birds out of the hundred and thirty killed fell to his guns; he slew the slain over again, and claimed to have had three dead birds in the air at one time. In many small, irritating ways he proclaimed himself an "outsider"; my antipathy returned, and I changed the hour of my departure, so that I might avoid his company on the journey back to town.

Three months later, I met my host's son, and, in course of conversation, asked after X. He began to laugh.

"Haven't you heard the joke?" he asked, seeing I looked puzzled.

I pleaded ignorance.

"You know he claimed a third of the kill?" said my friend.

I nodded.

"Do you know that young Wilson, son of the keeper, was his loader?"

"I never noticed," I said.

"Well," he went on, "X. gave young Wilson a fiver to shoot his birds for him. Old Wilson found the money, the lad owned up, and the old man came to me in a great state of mind. I told him to say nothing, for the Pater would be furious; but I don't think you'll see X. at our place again."

B.



"ERE YAR SIR STAND TER
VIEW VER PERSHESHHUN.
BOB A TIME."



(HEAVY FAMILY) "HOW MUCH?"
"FIVE BOB, THE LOT, CAPTING.
JUMP HUP!"



"WELL! THIS IS WHAT I CALL
A BIT OF LUCK MARIA.
ALL OF US NICE AND
COMFORTABLE."



"HOORAY!
HERE THEY
COME.
HOORAY-Y-Y-Y."



BUT THIS WAS
MORE THAN THAT
ERECTION COULD STAND. SO — —



"W-W-WELL! I'M J-J-JIGGERED!"

TOM BROWNE
1900.

"BOBS" DAY: HOW THE BOODLES SAW THE PROCESSION.

THE COTTESMORE HUNT.

A GREEN CHRISTMAS may make fat graveyards, but it also makes big hunting-fields. The orthodox Yuletide, with its frost and snow, is the winter of a huntsman's discontent. His horses must remain in their stalls. The last few weeks of mild weather have been hailed with delight by wearers of pink coats; there have been splendid runs in all directions. Nowhere has sport been better than in the Cottesmore country, which is reckoned by some hard riders to be the best in England. It embraces a part of Leicestershire close to Mr. Fernie's and the Quorn Hunts; and is presided over at present by Mr. Evan Hanbury, whose photo is given on this page. The illustrations include a picture of the pack on its way to covert and of a little lady who has begun very early in life to worship at the shrine of Diana.

The Cottesmore is a very famous Hunt, with a huge range of country that is largely laid down to grass. Paradise has been recently and briefly defined by a hunting-man as "mostly grass-land." At the same time, the hunting-man does not find his Paradise very readily. Broken collar-bones are the least of the ills that befall hard riders, even in good



MR. EVAN HANBURY, THE MASTER OF THE COTTESMORE HUNT.

every variety of the penny-a-liner's "finny denizens of the deep" that swims in our prolific waters, and succeeds in rendering his information interesting even to the scornors of Izaak Walton. Another seasonable work is "Pike and Perch," in the "Fur, Feather, and Fin Series," published by Messrs. Longman and Co., and written by Mr. William Senior, a name of reverence among anglers, John Bickerdyke, and others. In this handsomely illustrated book there is less technical information than in the other, though it contains many useful hints; but there is space well used concerning foreign pike and struggles with them, and about ancient ideas concerning the catching of pike. The book is very interesting and admirably written.



GOING TO DRAW.

counties, and the cost of the pastime falls very heavily on the Masters, despite big subscriptions. If the expenses of a pack for one season were set down, most people who do not hunt would be astonished, and of late years compensation claims by farmers have grown to an alarming extent. Yet hunting continues to flourish, and never seems to lack wealthy patrons or enthusiastic followers from all classes of men and women who can sit on a horse and face a fence or ditch without wishing they had staid at home.

NEW ANGLING BOOKS.

When winter comes, some anglers lay down their rods, whilst others get their tackle in order, for, though salmon may be off, trout resting, grayling outside the ken of the multitude, and barbel undiscoverable, pike and perch are on, and roach, dace, and chub are at their best, and the cod come close in shore after the sprats. "The Book of the All-Round Angler," by John Bickerdyke, known to *Sketch* readers as author of some clever novels, gives an enormous amount of information as to all kinds of fishing, and gives it lucidly and in an interesting fashion. Short of teaching you how to make fish bite when dead off the feed, he tells the angler how to catch

abandoned for ridiculous motives, often for want of capital, and of which the value is from sixty to six hundred francs a ton.



A YOUNG BEGINNER.



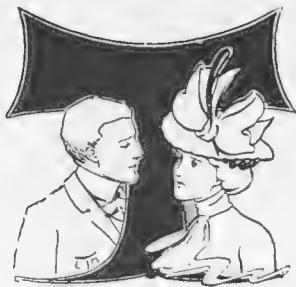
"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY AND THE BEAST," AT DRURY LANE: SKETCHES BEHIND THE SCENES.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE CASE OF CAPTAIN CAIRNS.

BY CLO. GRAVES.

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HE south-eastern harbour-town of Grimport is a sleepy, old-fashioned place where antique prejudices survive, stale fashions prevail, old customs strangely linger, like the long strips of dried seaweed hanging up behind the bars of the queer old public-houses, and which once were used as weather-gauges, and ancient saws are still quoted. Consequently, when Jameson Cairns met, fell in love with, and married Isabel Carlingbrook within the short space of six weeks from the arrival of the *Venture* in port with her cargo of rum and sugar for the warehouses of Haxby and Son, heads were nodded over cups of tea in spinsters' parlours (Grimport boasts an astonishing collection of old-maids); and even the gouty old retired sea-captains, exercising, with the aid of their silver-topped Malacca canes, on the Broad Walk, between the rows of bursting dock-sheds and the tiers of shipping, or sipping pale Madeira or old Jamaica rum in the bow-window of the Mercantile Marine Club-House, quoted the mouldy couplet—

Change your name and keep your letter,
You'll wed for the worse and not for the better.

But, between ourselves, there was scarcely a girl in Grimport, rich or poor, pretty or ugly, who would not have embarked for a life-voyage in the good ship *Marriage*, master and owner Jameson Cairns, if she had had Isabel Carlingbrook's chance, and a double allowance of "C's" to her maiden name. For Jem Cairns had what old women call "a way with him," and, whatever kind of way that may be, it is one that young ones like.

For the man was the *beau-ideal* of a sailor. Well-proportioned, muscular, of good height and fine build, with curling brown hair and a fair beard, close-clipped; a bright grey eye, rather deep-set; blunt, straight Saxon features; a mellow voice, and a hearty laugh, which showed a perfect set of strong white teeth.

He was first-mate of that splendid sailing-ship, the *Venture*, owned by Haxby and Son, of Grimport and Jamaica, and he passed his examination for a shipmaster's certificate just before his wedding, and was to have taken over the command of the *Venture* the very next voyage, owing to the retirement of Captain Dunstone, her old skipper, had all gone well.

"And if you think I'll be grudging you my berth, Mr. Cairns," said Captain Dunstone, holding out a red, hairy hand across the table of the owners' office to his second-in-command, "we've sailed together eight voyages for nothing. You're a gentleman and a smart sailor as ever I met, and no crew could ship under a better captain."

Cairns returned the grasp warmly, and for the well-earned compliment gave back a few simple words of thanks. The Haxbys, father and son, looked on the handsome young fellow with approval. Bottled ale and cigars were on the table; bills of lading and accounts had been examined, checked, and settled; business was over, and the kindly Quaker owners were ready for a little pleasant chat with their new skipper on the subject of his recent marriage.

"Thou hast a clear four weeks before thee, friend Cairns," said the elder Haxby, with something as closely approaching to a wink as a venerable Quaker could be expected to manage. "Let me counsel thee to make the most of the time before the *Venture* sails for the West Indies."

"Unless, peradventure, friend Cairns decides to take his wife with him," said Jeremy, the son.

Captain Dunstone broke into a loud laugh and clapped Cairns upon the back, for the shot had gone home.

"To be plain with you, gentlemen," said the handsome young bridegroom frankly, "that's what I had in my mind. The cabin accommodation on board the *Venture* is fresh and comfortable, Isabel has a notion of seeing distant countries, and an objection to letting me sail without her if it can be otherwise arranged—"

"Having heard something of sailors' skylarks ashore in foreign ports," put in Dunstone slyly.

"And I don't suppose you, gentlemen, would raise any objection?" Cairns looked from one Quaker face to the other, and the father and son, as grey, round, and much alike as two dried peas, exchanged a smile; "especially if I guaranteed the expenses incidental to a little job of painting, upholstering, and brushing-up?"

"We would not suffer thee to be at the charge, friend Cairns," said the elder Haxby, "if thou wouldst guarantee not to go beyond a certain limit." He exchanged another glance with his son, who nodded affirmatively. "We have desired to show thee some suitable acknowledgment for thy gallantry in saving the life of a youthful relative of our family at the risk of thine own."

"Ay, off the Great Cayman, in December last, when he dived into the middle of a school of sharks to save a lazy little whelp of a 'prentice who'd been fishing for bonitos off the jib-boom end and tumbled in

among 'em," growled Dunstone. "Sheer madness is my name for an action like that. Suppose one o' those wall-eyed, white-bellied brutes had taken my first-mate and left me to work the *Venture* home with a drunken Irishman like my second officer. And all for a scamp of a boy who took French leave at Trinidad, along with Mr. Cairns's watch and chain and forty dollars o' your own money. It won't bear thinking of."

"The lad was dishonest and a prodigal, even as thou sayest, friend Dunstone," returned the elder Haxby calmly; "but he may live to be grateful to the brave man who saved him. As for thee, friend"—he handed to Cairns a neat morocco case containing a handsome gold watch and chain—"we hope thou wilt live to show this to thy grandson, and that thy wife will accept from us the new furniture, fittings, and piano which we have bespoken for the cabin of the *Venture* as a mark of gratitude for thy bravery and admiration for thy choice."

"You're overwhelming me with kindness, gentlemen," said Cairns, as the little Quakers shook him warmly by the hand; "and as for thanking you, Isabel must do that. I'm not equal to it. She'd have broken her heart, I believe, if you had not permitted me to carry her to sea."

"You won't be in such a hurry to dive headlong down a shark's throat when it comes to leaving her behind you," said Dunstone, "so her going is as well. She'll brighten up the cabin of the *Venture* like a posy," he went on. "Ay, I'm half in love with her myself—fresh and sweet, lively and cheerful, as graceful as a racing-yacht, and as healthy as the breeze that carries it along. Twenty-three, just the right age, well-educated, gentle, and without a mother-in-law to meddle in domestic affairs. Some fellows have luck!" he ended, with a pretended groan of envy.

"Ay," said Cairns, "my wife is not overburdened with friends, and that makes me more anxious to take her to sea with me. With the exception of a sister whom I have never seen, who is a year younger, and, like my Isabel when we first met, a book-keeper and a shorthand clerk, she has not a relation in the world."

The kindly Quakers drew him on to talk of Isabel, how he had first met her at an evening-party given by the wife of one of the Grimport merchants, and how, in contrast with the loud dresses and cackling voices of some other young ladies who were present—if they had only heard him, would they ever have called him delightful again?—the refined beauty and simple grace of the lady clerk had gained in charm. He told the story of their brief wooing, of the wedding, a very simple affair and quite private, at the Grimport Church, and described the cottage, a mile outside the town, which he had taken for the honeymoon. It stood in an old-fashioned garden, and there were clipped yews on each side of the gate, and behind was a wood where nightingales sang day and night—at least, Isabel said they were nightingales.

"Thy wife will have to put up with gulls and frigate-birds at sea," said Mr. Jeremy. "She can't take the nightingales along with her."

"Or her sister," said Captain Dunstone pityingly. "The poor thing will miss her. I'll be bound."

"She has friends in London, with whom she lives," returned Cairns.

"Friends are a poor substitute for kindred," remarked the elder Haxby.

"She is engaged to the eldest son of these good folks," said Cairns, "and I understand the splicing of the lovers is only a matter of weeks. He has a berth as second-mate aboard an Australian liner, and has good pay, Isabel tells me, and so one may consider Miss Winifred well provided for."

"Winifred! Is that her name?" cried Dunstone. "It sounds as though it ought to belong to a pretty girl. Now, if I were twenty years younger and a little less tough and tanned, there would be a chance for me!"

"Oddly enough," said Cairns, showing his white teeth in a smile, "I don't know whether Winifred is pretty or not. I have never seen a portrait of her. But in your interests, Captain Dunstone, I must ask my wife to give me a sight of one, if she has it."

And he bade the owners and the retiring skipper a jovial good-bye, and swung off at a smart pace homewards. The mile that lay between Grimport and the country cottage he had rented for the honeymoon was soon covered. Isabel was waiting at the gate, and there were no passers-by to witness the rapturous embrace with which the married lovers met after three hours of separation.

"Oh, Jem!" his young wife cried, as she met his triumphant kiss. "You have good news for me! I am to sail in the *Venture* with you? Isn't it true?"

"True as that the seas are salt and you are my wife!" Cairns passed his arm round her slight waist, kissed her golden hair—for Isabel was a fair beauty—and looked at her with pride. "The cabin is to be scraped, painted, and new-rigged, fit for a bride; a piano is to be shipped for you at the Haxbys' expense; and this watch and chain is a present to me because I have been so lucky as to marry the sweetest and prettiest girl on dry land."

Isabel glowed at the simple flattery. Her heart was in her eyes as she looked at him.

"They should have given it to me," she said, "because I have married the handsomest man and the bravest in the whole world." She had heard the story of the sharks and Cairns's dive. "Oh, Jem, if I had lost you then!" She could say no more.



MISS ETHEL SYDNEY,

A CLEVER ACTRESS WHO IS APPEARING IN "PUSS IN BOOTS," AT THE ALEXANDRA THEATRE, STOKE NEWINGTON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

"As you didn't know me then," answered Cairns, with a twinkle in his bright grey eyes, "it wouldn't have affected you."

"I should never have married!" Isabel flared out. "No other man but you would ever have won my heart!" She covered one of his large, strong hands with both of hers. "Say," she coaxed, "that if you had not met me you never would have married!"

"I should have been a sea-husband, like Dunstone, wedded to my ship for better for worse," laughed Cairns. "Though, now that the old fellow is going ashore for good, he'll be wanting somebody to brew his grog and fill his pipe for him. He wanted to know about your sister Winifred—whether she was as pretty as you are, and whether she was engaged, and I said that she couldn't possibly be the one, but I understood she was the other."

Isabel began to laugh. "How I am longing to see your face when you first set eyes on Winnie!" she cried. "What will you say? What will you think? Oh! I wouldn't show you her photograph for the world, though I have got half-a-dozen: it would spoil the effect I mean to create."

"Ask her to come down and spend a few days with us before we sail," said Cairns. "It is, for one thing, only proper consideration for your sister, and, for another—"

"You are expiring with curiosity to see her!" interrupted Isabel with a little gush of laughter. Then she pretended to box her husband's ears, and he kissed her, and they went in to supper. Next day, the letter of invitation to Winifred Carlingbrook was written. The reply came back in due course—a letter of delighted acceptance, mingled with girlish expressions of grief at Isabel's impending departure. Mrs. Cairns tossed the letter gaily to her husband, and watched him as he read it.

"The hand is like yours," he observed. Isabel nodded. Cairns said no more, but gave her back Winifred's letter and plunged into the perusal of a legal-looking document which had been delivered at the same time. It was, in fact, a subpoena to appear as witness for the defendant, Captain Dunstone, in a case in which the plaintiff, an A.B. reduced to the ordinary rating for sheer incompetency, sued to recover full wages for the voyage recently completed by the *Venture*. "So they can't do without me!" he said, frowning, and pulling his fair beard; "and all through that longshore swab who palmed himself off on the skipper for a seaman. I've got to leave you, Isabel, and go up to London."

"Oh!" she cried, with a dismayed intonation. "How long shall you be away?"

"About four days," answered Cairns, drawing her hand about his neck.

"And I shall be all alone!" said his wife.

"Can't be helped!" he commented. Then his knitted brow cleared. "After all, my girl, it isn't as though the sailing of the *Venture* meant our parting. You'll have had enough of my company by the time we reach Jamaica. Perhaps, before we sight the Western Peak of those Blue Mountains I've told you about, you'll be crying, 'Why did I marry me?'—like the girl in the country song!"

But the joke was lost on Isabel.

"Oh, Jem!" she uttered with a gasp, and a look of fear rose into her eyes. "If anything should part us, I should never know a happy hour again."

It seemed to Cairns, as he kissed her good-bye at the garden-gate on the morning of the day on which he went up to London, that never any man had had so beautiful or so fond a wife before. He was religious in a simple way, and, as he looked up at the bright June sky overhead, he pulled off his hat and thanked God for the gift of Isabel.

Judge how the languid air and bewildering confusion of the Court of Law agreed with this man. He lost flesh and colour in the three days that were occupied by the lawsuit. When the train that was to carry him home rolled out of the station, his spirits revived and rose with every dozen miles. For one thing, he was several hours to the good; he was going to surprise Isabel by coming back on the Thursday evening instead of the Friday afternoon. He purposely had abstained from telling her, in order to enjoy her rapture of delight at seeing him unexpectedly. The man was, as you will perceive, a simpleton. In all the years that he had gone to and fro upon the sea, he had seen much but learned nothing of the world.

The salt smell of the sea came to his nostrils, and the grey marshes and muddy flats, with the gleam of silvery-grey beyond, gave place to Grimport Railway Station, with a forest of masts sticking up beyond the tidal-river bridge and the docks. His new mate was getting the cargo, one of beer and aerated waters, into the *Venture*. The painters and gilders had done their work upon the cabin and state-room; the upholsterers were putting the finishing touches; in six days more, the *Venture* would be worked out of dock into the tideway; then another night at anchor, heaving in the pale, yeasty surges, and with the green break of day the *Venture* would sail, and hey for life upon salt ocean with Isabel! It was a proper cradle for love, the bosom of the sea.

If Cairns had ever read any poetry, he would have known that these thoughts of his were poetical, but they seemed to him the merest, most natural prose. He walked at a good pace along the country lanes, his broad shoulders well set back, his head up, his stick swinging. He had left his bag at the station; it was to be sent out to the cottage later on.

The quaint, thatched roof of the cottage rose into sight against the background of the strip of woodland where Isabel's nightingales sang. Cairns felt a sick sort of sinking at the heart when he saw no figure waiting at the gate to welcome him. Next moment he laughed, thinking of the surprise in store. He would not go in by the front gate, lest Isabel should see him. There was a side-wicket, and he stole noiselessly in that way. Sailors can tread as softly as cats. Jameson Cairns stole noiselessly across the little lawn to the muslin-curtained

window of the little parlour, the first home he had ever shared with Isabel. The candles in the old-fashioned china sconces that hung on each side of the mantelshelf were lighted. It was a damp, cold June, and so a little wood-fire crackled on the hearth. And on the hearth-rug stood his wife, his Isabel, in a white gown, with a knot of roses at her breast. And close to her stood a man, young and handsome, and a stranger to her husband, though evidently not to her, for he held her clasped, and her hands were folded round his neck, and her face—flushed like a rose, though Isabel was usually pale—was lifted to his with a laughing, dimpling, provoking coquetry which Isabel's husband had never seen in it before.

He saw red, and clutched at the window-sill to keep himself from crying out. The savage lust to kill possessed him; but before they died, the traitor and the traitress, Jameson Cairns would hear what they were saying. One of the casements stood open; the words came plain enough to the greedy ears that listened.

"Where is she?" the stranger said. He had a sailor-like look, and was dressed in a loose but well-made suit of serge, gilt-buttoned, and with the blue-and-white mohair braiding on the cuff and collar-edge that is the uniform distinction of the officers of one of the greatest lines of passenger-steamers.

Isabel laughed. The laugh was round and full, and had in it something that was unfamiliar to Cairns.

"She is lying down. She has been watching all day—for him."

Obviously she meant the landlady. But the man was speaking—

"When will he come?"

"Not before to-morrow."

They both laughed, and, seeing the rosy lips, parted in their merriment, so near his own, the stranger kissed them; and Cairns, with a sound between a curse and a sob, let go his hold of the window-ledge and staggered back into the garden.

There was a little summer-house, covered with a wildly luxuriant hop-vine, in the shelter of which he and Isabel had spent many golden hours of the honeymoon that had ended so abruptly. The stricken man crept in there and crouched upon the seat and clutched his burning head between his stiff hands, that were blue as though with cold, and tried to think. He had meant to kill them both—to kill the man only, and then to go to her and say. . . . What had he meant to say? Nothing, perhaps, except that he had found out, and that it was all over. Those flushed cheeks, would they bleach? Would the laugh wither hideously from those red lips, or would they still smile as they asked him in defiance, "Why did you come back so soon? You knew all women were alike. . . . You might have guessed!"

That sent the man to his feet, as though the words had actually been spoken. He knew now that he had to go back and kill the man, there, before her. Nothing else would do. He remembered the revolver he carried, and slipped his hand behind him and drew it, and crouching, moved noiselessly, with glassy, staring eyes, and cold, dropped jaw of Death masking a living hate, and the burning, quenchless thirst for vengeance, back over the grass to the window. A slight, familiar, clinking sound came to him as he drew near. His eyes were dazzled by the light and colour which streamed from the heart of that homely little dwelling. He leaned forwards, holding his breath, and with the revolver ready. And then he made the great, the astounding, the overwhelming discovery that there were three people in the room, seated round a table, drinking tea; that one of them was the dark young man whom he, Jameson Cairns, had intended to kill, and that the other two were his wife, Isabel. And then he knew that he was mad, and laughed out wildly; and there was an exclamation in a voice he had once loved, an uprising from the table, and footsteps in the little hall, and his wife was out in the garden, upon his breast, and welcoming him with soft, hurried cries of joy, before Jameson Cairns could hide away the revolver.

"Oh, Jem!" she cried, "I knew it was you! Something told me that you would be back before to-morrow! And now, come in and let me show you something, Jem!"

She took her husband by the unresisting hand and led him into the warm, bright, fragrant little cottage parlour. Jem Cairns had had no previous experiences of emotions at all resembling those he had just gone through. He hastily concealed the revolver with which he had meant to shoot the dark young man, when the dark young man got up with a welcoming smile and an outstretched hand.

"It is Mr. Coulson," said Isabel, "who is engaged to my sister. He brought her down here yesterday, and he will come down again to take her back when her visit is over. And this is Winifred," she went on, with a little chuckle of delight at Jem's apparent bewilderment in the presence of a replica of herself. "You never guessed that we were twins, did you?"

"Never!" said Jameson Cairns. He held out his hand to the other Isabel, the Isabel with the flushed cheeks and the smiling red lips, and she looked up at the tall, haggard man in sudden wonderment and surprise at finding him so much older than she had expected.

"Is he anything like what you had imagined he would be?" Isabel asked, in her wifely pride. And the girl answered, a little dubiously—

"Oh, yes! But, Bell—you never told me that he had white hair!"

"Because he hasn't!" cried Isabel indignantly. Then her eyes went to her husband, and she uttered a cry of consternation and alarm.

"What is it?" asked Jameson Cairns. The warmth and the light and the relief were thawing the ice from about his heart.

But he looked in the little cottage chimney-glass as he uttered the words, and knew that the snow upon his head would never be melted.

A PLEASANT PLACE TO WINTER AT.

GAY PAU.

PAU prides itself on being smart. The women who bring here with them dowdy frocks and out-of-date hats make a mistake. Pau, where *on s'amuse*, Pau of the sunny Boulevard, of the hunting-field, of the Plaine de Billère, of the Casino, is as carefully turned-out for each occasion as is Paris or London. And how well one can amuse oneself, taking

THE HÔTEL DE FRANCE,

say, for headquarters, or, better still, an appartement that gives on the Boulevard, that most perfect lounge, built on a cliff's edge, looking sheer



VIEW OF PAU, FROM THE PONT DE JURANÇON.

down into a fertile valley, with the Pyrenees rising sharply beyond! It is true that, when everything else fails at Pau, there is always the view; and, if you are sentimentally disposed, the old plane-tree walk under Henri IV. Château, reminiscent of ancient amours, and very suggestive of modern flirtations.

But other things don't often fail.

TAKE THE HUNTING.

If you are that way inclined, you can mount yourself well at a surprisingly small cost. The meets are mostly within moderate distance, at some picturesque spot itself worth a visit. M. d'Este, the popular Master, is always ready with a welcome for strangers, and you can either really ride over a close country, or potter round, as you will. You are soon made free of the hunting-field, and initiated into its humours. You learn to know at a glance the dashing Frenchman who comes off at his first fence and spends the best part of the day looking for his horse. You have also to recognise the fact that some Frenchmen can ride, and that the smart Paris contingent might hail from the Midlands. And, for the rest, if you mean going straight, you will need to be as much on the alert as though the Quorn were streaming in front of you, and to keep your heart in the right place.

GOLF IS, PERHAPS, THE OUTDOOR AMUSEMENT

par excellence of Pau. On the Plaine de Billère, under the shadow of the white mountains, are what claim to be the finest, and which are certainly second oldest, links anywhere out of Scotland. Here is a Club House, picturesque without and comfortable within as a Surrey villa, which it something resembles. On the smooth lawn, with the earliest breath of spring, pretty red-and-white umbrella-tents appear, and beneath are spread luncheon- and tea-tables, whereat tired players refresh themselves, and non-golfing men and women, the latter perfectly attired, discuss news and scandals. Pau Golf Club is a delightful place if you know everybody. If not, you are rather out of it. But, in this easy-going life, acquaintances are easily made and friendships quickly cemented. If you are a keen player, you will easily find opponents worthy of your steel; competitions are frequent, and some of the prizes, such as the Ville de Pau Gold Medal, the Havemeyer, and Sir Victor Brooke's Cup and Badge, are worth playing for. During the season many world-known amateur players use the Pau links, and, for professional, there is Mr. Lloyd, who is permanently attached to the Club during the winter months, and helps to form many a promising player

He whom golf leaves cold may warm to tennis. Real tennis is played in the second-best court in France, where M. de Gallifet and other well-known Parisians exercise their skill in the graceful, fascinating game that numbers amongst its devotees also many members of the English colony of Pau. Amongst out-of-door amusements,

AUTOMOBILING

takes a prominent place. Here Frenchmen—and women—are pre-eminent, for the automobile seems to exercise a singular fascination over the French mind. The excellent roads that surround Pau and the stillness of its climate allure hither the kings of this latest sport. Automobiles of all sorts and forms and shapes and sizes abound, and an Automobile Week has become a regular feature of the Pau Season.

So much for daylight amusements. When daylight fades, there is always the Casino, Pau's *dernière création*, opened last year, not without noise of battle and dismal prognostications of failure. Old French families, provincial and prejudiced, saw revolution lurking in the new departure. *La Colonie*, accustomed to follow its own independent way, did not at first take kindly to the notion of amusing itself in common with the mere Frenchman. But the Casino opened its doors, and prejudice was immediately conquered. Admirably proportioned, designed in that semi-Romanesque style of architecture so dear to Southern France, dazzling white, it stands facing full south, commanding the finest view in Europe—that peculiarly blent loveliness of luxuriant valley with a background of mountain barriers. Within, a splendid Winter Garden, fair with exotic vegetation, judiciously warmed and lighted, forms a delightful promenade or lounge. Here, in late afternoon, people drink tea, listen to the band, talk to their friends, or try their luck at *petits chevaux*. For many years the want of a good theatre had been a reproach to Pau. The Casino Theatre has changed all that. Comfortably fitted and charmingly decorated, all Pau gathers there

ON OPERA EVENINGS,

when women wear their smartest frocks, and one might fancy oneself in a great capital rather than in a provincial town. The very artistic representation of favourite operas, under the direction of M. Max Bouvet, the famous Paris baritone, and the excellence of the orchestra, foster this impression. But, on leaving, the illusion vanishes. No murderous fog or wretched drizzle awaits you outside, but calm, star-lit night, blue skies, and a cheery drive or saunter home along a silent Boulevard upon which white mountains look quietly down.

Pau foreign society, *La Colonie*, is rather curiously compounded of English and American elements, a not altogether successful blend. Rumour says that *La Colonie* went more daintily, held its head higher, before the days of the American invasion. There is, no doubt, a little rift in the social lute that should discourse only harmony. Perhaps America has the best of it. Its dinners may be overlong, its women overdressed, its conversation over-frank; yet is it mighty with the dollar's might, and prevails. And if these children of the New World are aggressive, if they lack charm of expression, they have grace of movement and beauty of form. Believing that all is reparable in a world so admirably adapted to their own needs, they take things as they come, and make the most of each sensation. Thus, they can cover a newly made grave with flowers in the morning, and dance—as they only can



THE NEW CASINO, PAU.

dance—through the evening. So social Pau goes on its way rejoicing, occupied with the glitter that lies on the surface of things, secure for this life, calmly confident as to the next, winning the world-weary people of old civilisations to a freshened sense of pleasure in living. Even an American plutocracy has its uses.

THE FRENCH ARISTOCRACY

is awakening to the many advantages of Pau, and is coming hither in increasing numbers. Comte and Comtesse de Pourtalet, Comte and Comtesse de la Rochefoucauld, and many other well-known Parisians are numbered among winter Pau habitués. This Paris crowd is very English in talk and manner of life, and enters eagerly into *La Colonie's* amusements. For the rest, there are

SOFT AIRS, SUNSHINE, A BACKGROUND OF SNOWY HILLS,

a sauntering crowd of fair women and brave men, and an easy life, free from care and stress. What more can the jaded worldling desire when, wearied of the din of the market-place, he flies South? At Pau, with its nerve-healing calm, he will find the rest and change his soul craves, and a sun whose "splendour falls on castle walls and snowy summits old in story."

MR. CHARLES A. COOPER, EDITOR OF THE "SCOTSMAN"

IT is a somewhat notable fact that two Englishmen, schoolfellows at Hull Grammar School, should both have been drawn northwards, have crossed the Tweed, and become successful Newspaper Editors in Scotland. It is usually the other way about, as a census of Fleet Street could show. But this is the case with Sir John Leng, proprietor of the *Dundee Advertiser*, and Charles Alfred Cooper, of the *Scotsman*. The issue of the first number of the *Scotsman*, on Jan. 25, 1817, as a protest against the unintelligent and illiberal nature of the prints then in existence, is an interesting romance of the Fourth Estate, and William Ritchie and Charles Maclaren, its first Editors, deserve lasting honour for their public spirit, energy, and enterprise, of which their successors and the reading public have reaped ample and enduring benefits. The *Scotsman* was a success from its first inception, although the early promoters would never have dreamed that the end of the century would see its proprietors building the present palatial buildings beside the new North Bridge as its permanent home in the beginning of the twentieth century. From a small weekly sheet, price tenpence, it has grown to be the influential daily paper that we now know. The brilliant and acute Alexander Russel was for thirty-one years connected with the *Scotsman*, and while Editor it gained a great reputation as a political organ. Charles Alfred Cooper has been Editor since 1876, and under him it has grown in power and prosperity. The son of Charles Cooper, architect, of Hull, the future Editor was born there on Sept. 10, 1829, and was educated at Hull Grammar School. At fourteen he was a clerk in the counting-house of the *Hull Packet*, and, dissatisfied at his prospects, went into the printing-office and served a seven years' apprenticeship. This was the bottom rung of the ladder, but, like a wise youth in the

circumstances, he learned shorthand between whiles, the essential requisite for future usefulness in reporting and sub-editorial work. He became reporter and sub-editor of the *Hull Packet* after four and a-half years' experience, but, after eighteen months of this, returned again to the printing-office. At the close of his term here, he joined the *Hull Advertiser* as reporter and sub-editor, where he remained for more than



MR. CHARLES A. COOPER, EDITOR OF THE "SCOTSMAN."

Photo by Moffat, Edinburgh.

seven years. Next, he joined the Parliamentary Staff of the *Morning Star* in London, and, if I mistake not, gained the friendship at this time of Justin McCarthy and Richard Whiteing, and, in about a year, was promoted to the sub-editorship, which he held till 1868. In July of that year, he became assistant-editor of the *Scotsman*, under Alexander Russel, and, on the death of the latter in 1876, succeeded to the Editorial chair, for the first four years being associated with the late Dr. Robert Wallace, M.P., and afterwards alone. Since 1881, the *Scotsman* has been represented directly in the Reporters' Gallery of the House of Commons, so that the Editor and his staff in Edinburgh are in instant touch, by means of telegraph and telephone, with the very latest speeches made at Westminster. Up till lately, Mr. Cooper was one of the few Editors who would wait to see his own newspaper in the early morning. In politics, the *Scotsman* is Unionist, and has consistently supported the present Government during the South African Campaign. Few Editors have had the all-round ability of Mr. Cooper, from the organisation of the printing-office up to the highest details of newspaper work. The *Scotsman* was the first newspaper, as Mr. Cooper has told us in his very pleasant and interesting "Editor's Retrospect," to enlighten the public as to the real nature of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. The Editor has been fortunate in gathering round him an able and attached newspaper staff, including Mr. John Findlay (son of the late proprietor), Mr. William Riach, Mr. Alexander Riach (now of the *Dispatch*), Mr. John Geddie (author of "Romantic Edinburgh"), Mr. Richmond, and Mr. Gilbert, chief of the reporting staff. Mr. James Law, one of the proprietors, co-operated successfully with the late John Ritchie Findlay, chief proprietor of the *Scotsman*, in all the developments which were necessary to keep the newspaper in the front rank. A busy Newspaper Editor, equal to three leaders a-day if required, has little time for outside authorship. But, like Mr. Russel, his predecessor, who wrote on the salmon, Mr. Cooper has published the pleasant letters he sent from Egypt and South Africa while seeking the sun. Mr. Cooper has written a preface for the latest edition of the "Songs and Sketches of the Edinburgh Angling Club," of which he is a member. He has lived a very full and useful life, and deserves all honour.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such contributors the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matters of NAMES and DATES, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to "The Sketch," 198, Strand, London.



A CORNER OF THE CASINO WINTER-GARDEN, PAU.

PRODUCTION OF "KING HENRY THE FIFTH," AT THE LYCEUM.

From Photographs by Langfier, Old Bond Street, W.



MR. LEWIS WALLER AS KING HENRY THE FIFTH.



MR. WILLIAM MOLLISON AS PISTOL.



GRAND TABLEAU IN "KING HENRY THE FIFTH," AT THE LYCEUM.

THEATRE GOSSIP.

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW," AT THE COMEDY.

THE critics seem divided in opinion as to "The Taming of the Shrew," now presented by the Benson Company. The difference in opinion seems rather concerning the play than the performance, since almost everybody agrees with the first-night audience in thinking the piece was presented very cleverly.

Some critics are grumbling because the induction scene is omitted. Yet recollection says that, when it was presented by Augustin Daly and his company, the result was not altogether satisfactory. There are those who protest that the play is worthy of its author and contains some fine, subtle scenes, and others who say that, unless taken frankly as farce, it is rather ugly. *The Sketch* does not pretend to sit in judgment, and so merely records the fact that "The Taming of the Shrew" was played as a lively, even rather boisterous, farce, and very heartily applauded indeed. It received the compliment of spontaneous laughter, which is more gratifying than the often somewhat suspicious tribute of applause. The laughter came chiefly from hero and heroine, and Mr. Weir, the Grumio, who made his part exceedingly funny, whilst acting with admirable restraint. If one wished to find fault with him, it would be because his performance is so disdainful of the audience that there are moments when, acting in accord with the text, his attitude towards Katharine seems a little puzzling. Mr. Benson's Petruchio is a vigorous piece of straightforward acting, a little affected at moments by needless rapidity of speech; whilst the part of Katharine showed cleverness in Mrs. Benson rather than physical suitability for the part, for, somehow, one expects a bigger, more formidable, being as Kate the Curst. Nevertheless, the vivid picture which she gave of the dainty shrew will not easily be forgotten. One is bound to name Mr. Nicholson with the traditional stammer as the Tailor, Mr. Asche, Mr. Rodney, Mr. Swete, and, of course, the charming Miss Lilian Braithwaite.

"THE THIRTY THIEVES."

In reducing the number of the famous band of robbers destroyed by our old friend Ali Baba, Mr. W. H. Risque, author of the new piece at Terry's called "The Thirty Thieves," has not diminished the fun of the famous story, which he has handled with much skill. Perhaps there are puzzling moments—a matter of little importance, seeing that one is agreeably entertained during nearly all the evening. It has been said that the piece is old-fashioned, and possibly this is not quite untrue, nor necessarily a ground for complaint, since, although the form is of the ante-Edwards era, the matter is fresh enough, and the new manager, in leaving more to the author and less to the players than is now the custom, should be praised. One reason why the piece works briskly is that, with one exception, the company is composed of players from the ordinary drama. Miss Florence Perry is the only comic-opera artist in the cast. No doubt, some of the others have worked in musical pieces before, but Miss Pattie Browne and Messrs. Charles Groves, A. Fitzgerald, S. Howard, and E. Dagnall have won valuable reputations in ordinary farce, comedy, and melodrama, and the result of their training is shown in the excellent comic acting of the musical extravaganza. Yet it is to Miss Perry that chief praise is due. Her singing is admirable, her acting full of life and cleverness, and her charm of person irresistible. Of course, she has had training in a splendid school—the Savoy that has produced so many admirable performers. *The Sketch* hopes that, now we have got Miss Perry back again, she will not be allowed to leave London even to "star" in the Colonies. Mr. Edward Jones's music for the piece is capital.

MISS SYBIL CARLISLE.

A singular appropriateness marked the selection of Miss Sybil Carlisle to impersonate the heroine of Captain Marshall's charming comedy, "The Second in Command," in place of Miss Winifred Emery. The play deals with South Africa, and by birth Miss Carlisle is South African, for she was born at Graham's Town.

The play is typically English in thought and sentiment, and Miss Carlisle is as English as the other members of her family who were born in London. She is also one of the few members of the theatrical profession whose immediate family have been engaged in active service at "the Front." One of her brothers threw up his occupation as an engineer in order to become a member of the South African Light Horse, and crossed the Tugela with Sir Redvers Buller under heavy fire of the enemy. After a while, he left the Light Horse in order to become one of General French's scouts, and has had some of the most extraordinary adventures reported. A bullet, for instance, entered the sleeve of his jacket without injuring him, another hit him behind the knee without doing more than graze the skin, while a third came to a stand-still between two of the fingers of his hand and did not hurt him at all. More serious, however, was his experience in connection with the bursting of the shell which killed Major Child. Mr. Carlisle was standing only about four feet away from his superior officer at the time, and, when the shell burst, he was hurled into the air and turned a complete somersault, yet he was in no way injured. To a *Sketch* representative, to whom Miss Carlisle was kind enough to give a few minutes' chat a day or two ago, the young actress modestly disavowed any claim to consideration on the ground of her achievement: "I have never had any of the usual adventures, and my life has been singularly free from sensational occurrences. I have never missed a train when I have been travelling, I have never been in a fire, things have never fallen on my head when I have been on the stage, and I have never had any of my jewellery stolen. As for my part in 'The Second in Command,' there is nothing for me to say.

It is a charming part, and everybody has been most kind to me in connection with it. Of course, all the sympathy goes to Binks, and none is left for me. That is the fortune of war, and I regard it as by no means my fault, but rather my misfortune; that at the end of the play I am married to the hero, and not to Binks. That is, perhaps, a personal expression of feeling with which the actress part of me has nothing whatever to do, for the making of the play is the affair of Captain Marshall."

"A MESSAGE FROM MARS"

is still being performed with such success by Mr. Charles Hawtrey and the Avenue company as to need little fresh advertisement. But, if



MRS. F. R. BENSON AS KATHARINE.



MR. F. R. BENSON AS PETRUCHIO.

THE REVIVAL OF "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

From Photographs by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

this "Christmas Carol"-like comedy needed extra stimulus, it would surely obtain it from the New Year gossip that Mars is really signalling to the Earth, and is supposed to be inhabited by an intelligent race of people. Good wine needs no bush, however. Mr. Ganthony's excellent play is in its second year at the Avenue, was produced at Sydney on the last Saturday of the Old Year, is booked for two years in Australia, and Mr. Hawtrey takes the piece to New York next September.

A *Sketch* suggestion to "Owen Hall" (Mr. Jimmy Davis) apropos of the reported signalling from Mars! Why not change the scene of his forthcoming comic opera for the Lyric to the planet Mars in place of Venus? That would make it quite in the movement. The other tableaux promise exceedingly well. What finer opening scene could be conceived for "The Silver Slipper" than a lovely English park in spring-time? What livelier locale than the bustling Fair at Neuilly—unless it be the frolicsome Bal des Quatre Arts at the Moulin Rouge? Dismally dead-alive in reality is Montmartre. But the last-named scene, adroitly worked up by Willie Edouin and Connie Ediss, and possibly Ada Reeve or Madge Lessing, to the most danceable new melodies of Leslie Stuart, should prove vivacious in the extreme on the stage.

At the Palace Theatre, on the 21st inst., there will be produced an original sketch by Messrs. Morell and Malyon, entitled "The Wardrobe," in which Mr. Cecil Morton York (who played the part of the General in "Siberia," at the London Hippodrome) and Miss Elliott-Page will appear.

Mr. Paul M. Berton writes that Mr. Martin Harvey accepted from him last July a "Rienzi" drama, partly founded on a French play, and adds that he was surprised to read the statement that Mr. Harvey is contemplating the production of a piece on the same subject by the Rev. Freeman Wills. But it is the Berton version Mr. Harvey fancies.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

The "C.T.C."—Matters of Management—The "C.T.C." Badge—Motor-Cycles—The Oil Trouble—Dogs in the Way—The Suburban Roads—Construction of Ladies' Machines.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Jan. 9, 5.9; Thursday, 5.11; Friday, 5.12; Saturday, 5.13; Sunday, 5.15; Monday, 5.16; Tuesday, 5.17.

The Cyclists' Touring Club commences the year with a falling-off in membership of 4312 compared with last year. The officials are putting forth every effort to get in fresh members, and it is to be hoped that they will be successful. To the rider who doesn't do much touring, membership is of comparatively little advantage unless he belongs to the Club for the pure love of the sport. To the man or woman, however, who does even only a little touring, it is a distinct benefit, because there are still many hotels where a reduction is made on the bills of "C.T.C."-ites, though it is a matter for regret that many of the best hotels have thrown aside the recommendation of the Club. This is really a thousand pities, because, on arriving in a strange town, a man is often in difficulties, not knowing what hotel he should make for. Of course, proprietors cannot be made to run their hotels under the auspices of the Club, but it would be a great benefit if the Club would mention the hotels in every town (even if they are not headquarters of the "C.T.C.") where satisfactory accommodation could be had.

Unless the falling-off in membership is made up, the Club will find itself in financial difficulties before the end of the year. The accounts are not always satisfactory, and it is evident that the management charges are rather heavy. The *Gazette* swallows up a tremendous sum; but here again, as anybody knows who has any acquaintance with the running of newspapers, there is more money spent than there need be. Further, there is not a little grumbling among members at what they consider discourteous treatment whenever they find it necessary to seek information from the Club headquarters. There are, of course, people who are never satisfied and will ultimately find fault with Paradise. The fact, however, remains that in too many cases there is an unnecessary curtness displayed to members who in the first instance are civil enough. Not a few cyclists have thrown up their connection with the Club on account of the incivility they have received from officials. All this is regrettable.

I must say I was amused that the "C.T.C." should find fault with the London Central Cycling Club for adopting as their official badge a colourable imitation of what is called "the White Wings of the 'C.T.C.'". I know nothing about the London Central C.C., but I do know something about the badge—the white wings badge. It doesn't belong to the "C.T.C." at all, except by the act of appropriation. It is a badge that belonged in the first instance—and belongs still—to the League of American Wheelmen, who first adopted it, and the authorities of the "C.T.C." did exactly what they now complain of in the London Central C.C. I never knew of a more striking case of Satan rebuking sin.

As I am in a fault-finding mood this morning—let us put it down to the muggy weather—I just venture on a growl with regard to the "booming" of a particular motor-bicycle. I believe there is a great future for the motor-cycle, and more than once I have referred to this. I don't care ever to write about any particular machine unless I have had some personal experience of it. Accordingly, when I saw the "booming" of the Singer motor-bicycle, I thought it would be a good thing to try it, and then write my experience for the benefit of the readers of *The Sketch*. I wrote to the Singer Company suggesting they might lend me a machine, so that I could personally try their bicycle and report upon it. The reply I got was courteous enough, but saying that they could not do so. I wondered a little why the company would not let me have the opportunity of making an intelligent report, but dismissed the matter from my mind, concluding they were very busy and had no machines to spare. Mr. Joseph Pennell, however, who is the most enthusiastic tourist in the country, and who always writes crisply and interestingly about his voyages, has had, I find, a precisely similar experience. He asked for the loan of a cycle, but his request

was not granted, and he suggests that there are other people he knows who have been similarly refused. Naturally enough, he asks why Messrs. Singer, if they are so confident in their claims, are so chary in allowing the machine to be out of their sight?

As far as I can judge from casual knowledge, Messrs. Singer's machine is the very best on the market. It is the usual practice for firms to lend bicycles to writers about the pastime, for, of course, it is not to be expected that every journalist who cycles can be the purchaser of each new machine. This persistent refusal, however, on the part of Messrs. Singer to allow their machine to be criticised after investigation seems not only a little strange, but is likely to do them injury. They may have the best of reasons; but it is unadvisable to give anybody an opportunity of putting a wrong construction on their action.

In somebody else's Cycling Notes, the other day, I came across a suggestion in regard to the position of the oil-hole on many of the hub-barrels. People are rather inclined to over-oil their machines, and, as this hub-hole is usually opposite the valve, the tendency is, when the bicycle is on a stand, for the valve to swing to the lowest point, and so leave the hole pointing downwards. This means, of course, that, if there is any oil to escape, it does so and drops upon the rim, and so gets to the rubber and does it injury. All of us have had some such experience. It is a small matter; but still, it is an excellent suggestion that makers should in the future place the oil-hole in the hub-barrel so that it should point upwards when the valve is at its lowest point.

There is some talk among cyclists of an agitation being raised to make owners of dogs liable when the animals get in front of cyclists and cause an upset. Certainly dogs are often a nuisance, though nowadays we are not so much troubled with them running along by our side yelping and showing a desire to snatch a piece out of one's calf. They do still manage, now and then, to get in our way, and most of us can recall collisions. If anything could be done to stop the nuisance, it would be well; but I don't see how you are going to avoid accidents by being able to haul the owner of a dog before the magistrate. It is not like the case of a vicious dog that is inclined to bite strangers. In that case, the owner is fairly well aware of the nature of the dog, and should be held responsible. In the event however, of a collision, it is nearly always pure accident, for the dog jumps from the side of a vehicle and gets in your way and causes a spill before either you or it realises there is danger.

I am afraid we will just have to run the risk. I have always held it unreasonable to hold a cyclist liable when, through pure accident, he upsets a pedestrian, and, for the same reason, it would be hard to

make a dog-owner liable to punishment simply because the animal accidentally gets in front of a bicycle.

I do think good would come if we could get up an agitation and attack whoever is responsible for leaving many of our suburban roads in a dangerous condition after having opened them to repair some pipe or other. Round London the filling-in of a hole is usually done in a perfunctory manner. The soil and gravel are pitched in anyhow, the stones are not beaten down, and there is generally a hump of loose earth projected above the roadway. These are dangerous, especially on dark nights, because, if the cyclist runs into one, he is more than likely to be upset. Whether it be the gas company or the water company or the local authorities who are to blame, I don't know. Whoever they are, the condition in which they leave roads is not much to their credit.

It does not need much demonstration to prove that a lady's machine, under ordinary circumstances, cannot be so strong as one intended for a gentleman. The absence of the top bar leaves the machine less firm. For a long time, makers have been inclined to the curved stay, supporting the bottom tube on ladies' machines. Their argument is that ladies prefer these curves. I much doubt this, because, as a rule, a lady cyclist has no opinion at all on the construction of a machine. If it looks nice and suits her, she is satisfied. There is no doubt, however, that straight bars built at suitable angles are much stronger than those that are curved.

J. F. F.



"SHOT" AND "SHELL," PETS OF THE RIFLE BRIGADE.

Who were born during the fight on Caesar's Camp and Waggon Hill on Jan. 6, 1900.
This Photograph was taken by Captain T. H. McDermott, R.A.M.C.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The Spring Entries.

As I predicted would be the case, the entries for the Spring Handicaps are most satisfactory, and, with the single exception of the Grand National, which claims an entry of sixty-two, against seventy-four last year, the whole of the chief handicaps show a large increase. The Raft is not entered for the Lincoln Handicap, to the chagrin of those backers who had coupled this horse's name with that of Hidden Mystery in double-event bets made with the Continental list men. Of the horses engaged at Lincoln. Good Luck, Oppressor, Royal Flush, and Mount Prospect have already been backed at long prices by the little punters. Of the entries for the Grand National, Ambush II., Hidden Mystery, Romanoff, and Manifesto are the public fancies. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's horse is bound to get over the country, with ordinary luck, and he is very likely to be placed. Included in the seventy-three entries for the City and Suburban, there are some good, a few moderate, and many bad horses. Little Eva, La Roche, Zagiga, and Goblet have been mentioned on the lists. Many people who lost money on The Raft for the Cambridgeshire will follow that horse for the Jubilee, and, if he is fairly handicapped, he should go very close, but likely ones such as Spectrum and Merry Methodist will not want for followers. John Porter has only La Roche in the Chester Cup. I should like to have seen the Duke of Westminster win this race.

Handicapping. In framing the Handicaps for the Spring events, I hope the gentlemen responsible will be allowed to take notice of betting. It will be seen by a reference to the book that horses, after having been made first-favourites and lost, have in subsequent races proved that those who backed them for the races which they lost were perfectly justified in fancying their chances. The Handicappers ought, I think, for the purposes of their work, to assume that, if a horse has been made a hot favourite for any race, he should have made a respectable show in the contest, and they should weight him on the form he ought to have shown. True, we have a few plungers in our midst who make mistakes sometimes, yet not often, and the Handicappers' motto should be, "Money makes the mare to go; if not this week, next." Anyone who has followed racing will tell you that "Money talks."

John Dawson. The announcement that the veteran trainer, John Dawson senior, of Warren House, Newmarket, has retired from his profession awakes memories of the past. John Dawson is the youngest and last survivor of the four sons of George Dawson, who at the beginning of the nineteenth century trained at Bagside. His four sons, Thomas, Matthew, Joseph, and John, were all well known on the Turf as successful trainers. John Dawson followed his profession honourably and successfully for well-nigh half-a-century, during which period he won many big races. The best horse he ever trained was Galopin, while Petrarch and Disraeli were under his charge. Mr. Dawson is succeeded by his son George, who was so successful while acting as trainer to the Duke of Portland. Another son, John,

is also a well-known Newmarket trainer. Many will remember that Fred Archer married a daughter of Mr. J. Dawson senior, and how soon poor Fred became a widower. But Fred's only daughter has been brought up in her grandfather's house, and she is now a fine and stylish young lady.

Lord William.

The death of Lord William Beresford is a serious loss to the Turf, as his lordship was one of the most popular racegoers in England. He was an honourable man, a perfect gentleman, and a good sportsman. Lord William followed the meetings consistently, and he took the deepest interest in the doings of his racehorses, whether they performed on the flat or over the sticks. It was a lucky thing for racing in England that Lord William should have been imbued with the American style of riding and training. To him we are in the main indebted for the improvement in racing that has taken place in the last half-dozen years, owing to a good pace having been set from start to finish. The days of snail-crawls and long pulls are dead and done for, thanks to the encouragement given to Yankee riders by such plucky sportsmen as Lord William Beresford. I should add that Lily, Duchess of Marlborough, has taken the liveliest interest in the doings of the horses that belonged to her husband, and she was part owner of more than one animal which ran a couple of years back.



MR. JOHN DAWSON, THE CELEBRATED TRAINER.
WHO HAS JUST RETIRED.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

The Classics. Volodyovski is very likely to be a pronounced favourite for the Derby, as the colt has wintered well, and he was one of our smartest two-year-olds. The colt is engaged only in the Derby and St. Leger, and, with a bit of luck, he should capture both races. Star Shoot may win the Two Thousand Guineas, although we have before now seen some upsets in this race. If she has retained her two-year-old form, Princess Melton should capture both the One Thousand and the Oaks, but in the case of fillies it is best to wait until the numbers go up before prophesying too confidently. The three-year-old racing should be very exciting this year, as there are a great many horses in training of the top class. The starting-gate will be used this year for the first time for the classic races, and next year I expect we shall see the gate in use for all races. It has worked fairly well up to now, and it is certain that the innovation will be a pronounced success when the old-time prejudices have been outlived.

CAPTAIN COE.

PRIVATE SHOOTING-CLASSES.

It was only quite recently that *The Sketch* published particulars of a Ladies' Rifle Club which has just been formed. Now it is glad to present to its readers a couple of small photos, taken by Mr. Aubrey Harcourt at Nuneham, showing how Mr. Harcourt's guests are encouraged to prepare themselves for any contingency by becoming experts in the use of the rifle. As a pastime, rifle-shooting is quite as fascinating as croquet, bowls, or archery, and it is certainly more useful than any of these popular recreations.



HOW MR. AUBREY HARCOURT AMUSES HIS GUESTS AT NUNEHAM, NEAR OXFORD.

From Photographs by Mr. Aubrey Harcourt.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

AT the beginning of a New Year there is generally a disposition to set one's house in order, metaphorically speaking—to be off with the old and on with the new, mentally if not materially; to suffer one's dearest enemy more gladly, to pass the sponge across some cherished grievances, to wield more graciously the domestic sceptre!



[Copyright.]

GREY CLOTH WITH APPLIQUÉ OF BLACK VELVET.

Dear me! How well we set out, to be sure, and how soon we fall to limping along the thorn-set way of high resolves and drop back on the well-worn tow-path of our own old habits! 'Tis humiliating, but 'tis true, and, unless the underlying principle of life strikes deeper than would often appear, the recurrence of a date or the birth of an era will avail little in retrieving us. A most ludicrous case in point occurred on the last night of the Old Century, when, in dining with old friends, I ran across a vivacious acquaintance who deals largely in her neighbours' affairs, and, with the best intentions in the world, strews other people's paths with hornets'-nests. "My husband has been lecturing," said she, "and I intend to make silence my cardinal virtue in the next century; but, meanwhile, I *must* tell you of —'s latest escapade. I'll just have time, for it's ten minutes to twelve o'clock." The letter without the spirit, indeed—and what price the New Century? as the racing people say. This is wandering far from the domain of dress, which, by the way, dominates us women very supremely at the moment, seeing that all the sales are "now on," in their own classic jargon, and bargains, chiefly grubby, are spread around like leaves in—we all know where. Like most daughters of the universal mother, I adore bargains, and approach a sale in the same do-or-die spirit that I stake the cart-wheels at Monte Carlo. You never know what treasure-trove Fortune may discover within the next half-hour. Nor does experience bring wisdom when you are disappointed. The man who

invented sales may have been a cynic or a trading Schopenhauer, if you will. He was also a benefactor to all ages of women, and I am persuaded that life would be shorn of much to our adorable sex if the "cheapened" fascinations of January and July sale-times were ever removed from the calendar.

Kate Reily, in Dover Street, is doing particularly well for her customers just now, for, besides some charming new models of fashions to be that are just imported from Paris, there are also a variety of gowns, mantles, and millinery which, during the ten days that intervene between the 10th and 21st of this month, will be found available at extremely low prices. Women who require smart clothes for coming campaigns either in Egypt or on the sunny Riviera will, therefore, find this an opportunity of obtaining them at prices most appreciably reduced. Some very beautiful furs are also in the list, and a quantity of superfine lingerie as well, so that brides-elect—and there are many forthcoming celebrations on hand—will also find an occasion in Kate Reily's present sale.

A new perfumed sachet, to be highly recommended for keeping amongst laces and lingerie, by the way, is that called the "Florodora," which is manufactured from real flowers by Messrs Grossmith, of Newgate Street, but can also be had at any first-rate chemist's. The "Florodora" Soap, also a *spécialité* of the same firm, gives a strong, delicious scent when used, and is particularly beneficial to the skin because of the superfine ingredients used; but the *bonne-bouche* of "Florodora" productions is the perfume itself, which is delicate, lasting, and entirely novel. It is made up in dainty bottles, each one enclosed



[Copyright.]

AN ELEGANT COSTUME.

in an oval cardboard box, and goes safely through post or on any journey thereby. "Florodora," as a perfume, is essentially a success, and will remain a favourite with anyone who has once tried it.

How Earl "Bobs" must have shivered during his truly royal progress through the streets on Thursday, with its clinging dampness of

fog and heart-searching cold! But, if the weather lacked warmth, the welcome did not, and, even after seeking the shelter of Mackellar's Hotel in Dover Street, the dear old Commander-in-Chief was summoned with frantic shouts to the balcony, where first Lady Roberts and later her hero-husband were acclaimed by a thousand lusty throats. Lady



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ONE OF THE NEW HATS.

Napier of Magdala, who was staying at the Empress Club, received a visit from Lord and Lady Roberts on the following day, and the balconies of that and every Club in Dover Street were, needless to add, crowded with members anxious for a glimpse of the "Great Little Irishman."

With the first of the fogs one begins perforce to realise that winter is here—a fact which, in view of the exceedingly mild season, one might have ignored in the Old Century. There is something very decisive, however, about a genuine London fog, such as that which drowned daylight and distributed black smuts and blue devils so impartially on Friday last. Now, at last, our winter furs and gorgeous outside garments will have a chance of due exploitation, while those who own not such will seize the opportunities offered by sales to set themselves right for the coming cold weather—for come it certainly will, and, though we shall have the consolation of lengthening days, February and March are evil months for those who must remain in this wind-bestridden island.

SYBIL.

The effective London Hippodrome "Cinderella" poster copied in last week's *Sketch* is lithographed and printed in excellent style by the Dangerfield Printing Company, Limited, of 23, Bedford Street, Strand.

Miss Nancy Girling has resumed her graceful part in "Florodora," and introduced an attractive new song, composed by Mr. Leslie Stuart, with a dance accompaniment, in which she is assisted by six of the principal dancers in new frocks.

The Great Northern Railway Company has arranged to run special sleeping-cars for the convenience of passengers to and from the Newcastle district on the 10.30 p.m. train from King's Cross to Newcastle, and on the 11.15 p.m. train from Newcastle to London. Passengers on arrival at Newcastle or King's Cross may remain undisturbed in the cars until 8 a.m. Trains will soon become hotels.

"The production of the pantomime, 'The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast,' at Drury Lane," writes an Old Stager, "reminds me of an incident which occurred when poor dear Gus Harris was one of the Sheriffs of London. He and I were guests at a great City Banquet, and during the speech-making he fell asleep. I sent him a little note: 'Is it true that the pantomime at the Lane is to be changed this year in your honour to 'The Sleeping Beauty'?' Druriolanus awoke with a start, and, having read the missive, promptly replied 'Yes; you shall play the Beast.' This is a curious coincidence, because I don't think the Sleeping Beauty has ever been associated before with the Beast. By the way, after the banquet, Gus took me back to the West in his official chariot, our destination being Covent Garden Theatre. When he alighted, the sentries at the main entrance presented arms to him. 'Hullo, Gus!' I said; 'in your cocked-hat they take you for a General.' 'No,' he replied, 'for a General Manager. I pay their wages.'"

A NOTABLE VETERAN OF NINETY.

Sir Henry C. B. Daubency, G.C.B., who celebrated his ninetieth birthday the other day, affords a striking instance of the comparative healthfulness of an Army career. Notwithstanding his great age, the Colonel of the Border Regiment is still able to take constant exercise. He joined the 2nd Border Regiment—then the 55th (Westmoreland)—in what now seems almost mediæval times, for he was gazetted Ensign nearly seventy-two years ago—in March 1829, to be exact—and five years later served in the Coorg Campaign. In the Chinese War of 1841-2 (in which his regiment won the "Dragon" badge) he took a very distinguished part, winning mentions, promotion, and the "C.B." In the Crimea he again achieved great distinction, being mentioned in Divisional Orders and in Sir De Lacy Evans's report for the Alma, and in despatches for Inkerman, in which latter "soldiers' battle" he commanded his regiment and subsequently the 1st Brigade of the 2nd Division, having his horse shot and himself sustaining a wound. He, however, declined a promotion which would have entailed his leaving the Seat of War. In addition to the usual medals, he received the Distinguished Service reward, the Fourth Class of the Medjidie, and the Fifth Class of the Legion of Honour. Thirty years ago he got his "K.C.B.," and the Grand Cross in 1884. In 1879 he was given the Colonelcy of the 2nd Border, becoming, later on, Colonel of the Regiment. He was promoted to General's rank nearly twenty years ago. But for his being a regimental field-officer, he would have got the "V.C.," for he was recommended for that honour by Sir John Pennefather, but ruled to be ineligible.

COMMANDER OF THE "UNION BRIGADE."

The return home of Colonel T. C. Porter has, in view of the arrival of so many distinguished officers from "the Front," hardly attracted so much attention as it would in other circumstances. Then, too, Colonel Porter went direct from Southampton, *via* Plymouth, to Saltash, and drove thence to his Cornish residence, Trematon Castle, so, though he naturally received a hearty welcome from his friends and neighbours, his arrival was a comparatively quiet one. Colonel Porter took out his regiment, the famous Carabiniers, early last year, and in July was given the command of General French's 1st Cavalry Brigade, the "Union Brigade" of the Division, not, however, this time composed quite on the lines of the famous one of Waterloo and Crimean days, for, though he had the Scots Greys and the Inniskillings in his command, the Royal Dragoons were with Sir Redvers Buller in Natal, the English regiment of the Brigade being his own corps, the 6th Dragoon Guards. Colonel Porter greatly distinguished himself in South Africa, and, though he had three horses shot under him during the campaign, he himself escaped with only a grazed knee. Colonel Porter joined the Carabiniers nearly twenty-eight years ago, and served with our only blue-coated Dragoon regiment in the Afghan War of 1879-80. He now goes on half-pay, though, as he is not yet fifty, there would seem to be some chance of his achieving even further distinction in the future.

"THE PRIVATE SECRETARY."

The appearance of one name in the meagre New Century list of honours afforded much satisfaction to all who know the great amount of hard work in the public interest to be placed to the credit of Mr. William Jameson Soulsby. As Private Secretary to all the Lord Mayors of London since that genial Knight, Sir Somers Vane, vacated the post in 1875, Mr. Soulsby has acquired varied experience that would fit him to be an excellent Home Secretary. Prodigious must have been his labour over the Mansion House Soldiers' Relief Fund, which has reached over a million—notwithstanding so many thousands of pounds that might well be freely utilised at this juncture are in the coffers of the Patriotic Fund. This distinguished City man was made a "C.B.," which he thoroughly merited, some few years ago. He is now to be congratulated on being appointed a "C.I.E."—Commander of the "Most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire"—for his services as the devoted Secretary to the Mansion House Indian Famine Relief Funds in 1877, 1897, and 1900. Mr. Soulsby richly deserves this honour.



MR. WILLIAM J. SOULSBY,
THE LORD MAYOR'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.
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CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 14.

THE SITUATION.

"THE worst Bank Return since the Baring smash," was the opinion of an eminent City financier in conversation with us on Friday, and there was great truth in what he said. Our readers know that we always expected the year to end with dear money, so that the 5 per cent. rate can have come to them with no surprise. Of course, after the failure of thirty-five members of the House, and fears as to how the differences at the next Settlement will be arranged, there is sure to be a crop of rumours from day to day, but it would serve no useful purpose to repeat here the idle gossip which passes from mouth to mouth.

The true story of the Globe smash is known to comparatively few people, and cannot be written here because the facts were only given to us under a pledge of secrecy; but this much we are permitted to say: It was brought about by a breach of faith in the case of people from whose position such a thing could not have been expected, and when the whole story can be told it will appear that Mr. Whitaker Wright was more

LOOKING BACKWARD.

Our Stock Exchange artist has given us a bird's-eye view of what a twentieth-century financier would see in looking back over the hundred years which have just closed, with the average price of Consols on the most memorable occasions in brackets. We have asked him for a companion picture of the hundred years to come, but he only shakes his head and murmurs, "There are some things which no man knoweth."

SOME FIVE PER CENT. INVESTMENTS.

Critical days like those through which the Stock Exchange is now passing are generally fruitful of falls, not only in the speculative departments, but also in those devoted to higher-class descriptions. The advance of the Bank Rate to 5 per cent. at the very period of the year when all tradition says that it should fall has been another blow to investment markets, already severely shaken by the crash elsewhere. From motives of protection, the dearer stocks are being lowered in price by the dealers in the Stock Exchange, not because the securities are one iota affected in value themselves, but because losses in other markets have to be met by sales of heavier stock. The cause of the flatness being of a purely transitory character, the investor should now bestir himself with a view to picking up cheap stock while he has the chance.



LOOKING BACKWARD.

sinned against than sinning. In these columns we have often objected to the manipulation of the Westralian Market by the group, and we still think that the everlasting efforts to push up shares, when the news from the mines gave no encouragement to such movements, were neither in the interests of the London and Globe nor anybody else. In so far, Mr. Whitaker Wright's methods were from their very nature vicious, but that a written agreement should have been violated in its most important point, and without the smallest notice, was a contingency hardly capable of being provided against.

What developments the next few days will see it is impossible to say, but they will probably be as dramatic as those which took place in the closing week of the Old Year.

It is pretty certain that two or three purchasers are anxious to obtain the Globe interest in the unfortunate Baker Street and Waterloo Railway for some such figure as half-a-million, which would mean a loss of about two hundred thousand pounds upon the actual outlay, and such a sale would, of course, prove a great solution of the difficulty. Our sympathy would be rather with the purchasers than the vendors at such a figure.

Generally speaking, the situation is viewed much more hopefully both on the Stock Exchange and off it, and, if we could see any prospect of the 5 per cent. Bank Rate attracting gold from other centres, there would be every reason to look forward to better times.

In suggesting a few 5 per cent. investments, it must be pointed out that this rate of interest can only be obtained upon what are called second-class securities. Naturally, some risk must be run if 5 per cent. is to be obtained, but this disadvantage has its consolation in the greater scope for a rise that second-grade investments possess. In the first place, we would point to Japanese Fives at a point below par as being a distinctly good holding of the speculative variety. The Loan is by no means a large one, and the advancing prosperity of the country makes the payment of interest and capital a matter of very slight anxiety. Or there are the Mexican Five per Cent. External Consolidated Gold Bonds of 1899, at about the same price, which are almost equally good, Mexico, there is little doubt, having now fairly turned the corner that leads from poverty to prosperity.

The Foreign Railway Market supplies a very fair field for the Five-per-cent. hunter. He might consider the possibilities of Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway 5 per cent. First Preference, now standing at 99. The issued amount of this stock is less than three-quarters of a million sterling, and its dividend is cumulative. In front of it there are four millions of Debenture stock, and the Ordinary is quoted at 54, two points that must be taken into consideration on the debit side of the account. Nitrate Railways 5 per cent. First Mortgage Debentures can be secured at 94, and look a tempting purchase as a speculative bond. We will extend our list further in another issue.

THE WESTRALIAN SORE.

A few days ago, we had a most interesting conversation with a very eminent and well-known mining engineer upon the subject of Westralian mining and the scandals which have been so disastrous to public confidence. The subject started by our asking why there were so many more scandals in the Kangaroo Market than in connection with either African or Indian gold-mining. Our friend's view is that the great mistake which has been made in Western Australia is the very slight control which the London Boards have exercised over the local management.

The policy pursued with all the great mines has been to appoint the best available man as manager, and to treat him as if he were Commander-in-Chief in South Africa; that is, to give him a free hand.

In India and everywhere else where mining is properly conducted, says this eminent mining engineer, the London office has either a technical director, or some firm like John Taylor and Son at the beck and call of the Board, and regularly, month by month, not only does the local manager send a report, but a mine-plan comes over, signed by the surveyor and accompanied by a certificate of the assayer, showing the value of all open faces and of the various points from which ore has been taken. Under such a system, to perpetrate a fraud it is necessary that three people should conspire to make false returns, and, by comparing the plans and assay certificates over any length of time, even a combined fraud would be certain of detection.

Suppose, for instance, the manager wished to push up the returns by milling ore from only the richest places, and to cut down expenses by stopping development, the Board or its technical advisers would at once discover what was going on from a comparison of the last two or three plans, and, even if both the surveyor and the assayer were actively assisting parties in the manager's designs, it would be almost impossible for them to concoct such plans and assays as would not lead to suspicion in a very short time.

If, in the days when Mr. Callaghan was "gutting" the Lake View and representing that monthly returns of over thirty thousand ounces could be kept up indefinitely, the proper control had been kept, it would have been impossible for him to have maintained the illusion for even three months, and, instead of a scandal, proper steps could have been taken in ample time to have prevented the mischief.

Until a regular system of this sort is adopted by the leading companies, according to our authority, we are sure to have a recurrence of scandals like the Lake View, Ivanhoe, and Hannan's Brown Hill affairs; and, in confirmation of his views, he reminded us of the very remarkable fact, that upon most goldfields it is the poor mines which bring the country into disrepute, while in Western Australia it is the great properties which are destroying public confidence.

Is it not high time that some of the London Boards took the matter into their serious consideration, and would not the present be a suitable opportunity to call in an expert like Mr. Hays Hammond or Mr. William Morgans to see whether a radical reform could not be inaugurated?

HOME RAILWAYS.

Depressing is the only epithet that can be used to describe the present influences at work in the Home Railway Market. Brighton "A" is almost the only stock which displays any power of resistance to the sickly weakness, and that is due to the known bear account predominating in the stock. The money squeeze can have but slight effect in this department on Monday next, the contango-day, because all round the market there is a large oversold position. Absence of business is a more potent factor, and values cannot hold up unless outside support comes to revive them, and to flurry the bears. For two or three weeks, quotations will be more moved by dividend anticipations than by either money or traffics, and, as the estimates are all of a dismal cast, investors are not likely to begin buying Home Rails until the worst is definitely known. The most favourably situated stock for dividend is North-Eastern Consols, on which the reduction is not likely to exceed $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and a bold purchaser of "Berwicks" would probably make money. But, when once the declarations are announced, the market will stand a chance of improvement.

YANKEES.

Although the Westralian troubles and the 5 per cent. Bank Rate were factors not lost upon the Wall Street magnates, the Yankee Market was affected with a comparatively slight tremor by them, and its marvellous recuperative powers revealed themselves in a manner which even Yankee jobbers are calling phenomenal. Shaking their heads, they admit, when they have a spare moment in which to indulge in comment, that their market is the most wonderful ever seen. New York seems to have no limit to its powers of assimilation, and it is not surprising that British watchers are beginning to talk about the rise as though it would go on for ever. All the demonstration in the world as to the undue height to which prices have been hoisted is powerless against the alluring blandishments of a madly bullish market.

Dangerous as bear operations appear to be, it would seem, however, that purchases for the rise are still more hazardous. Quotations are now almost at the very top. Shares are appreciating out of all proportion to the rise in bonds. As an instance, we would point to the 3 per cent. General Lien Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad, which are quoted at 74, returning at the price about $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the money. The Common shares stand at 90, ex-dividend, as we write, the yield on them working out to $4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., and the Preferred are only one dollar above the Common. It is an absurdly narrow difference when one remembers that the Common received no dividend at all until the final

quarter of 1898, one year after the Preferred began to receive any interest at all. Surely such prices for the Common and Preferred fully discount the vastly improved position of the company. Pennsylvanias and Illinois may go better, both shares paying a little over 4 per cent. on the present price, or more than the investor in North-Western or Midland stock receives on his money; but, apart from the investment shares, we reiterate our opinion that the gambling department is now dangerously near to the upper end of its tether.

THE SALT UNION.

We have been able from time to time to give information as to this company which was obtainable nowhere else, and, when so many of our contemporaries were lauding the supposed combination of a year or eighteen months ago, we told our readers boldly that it was by no means a satisfactory affair, and that no dividend on the Preference shares could be expected for a very considerable time.

The truth of the matter was that the company, at the time of the change in its management, was in a far worse mess than the published figures showed, and it would have taken very little to bring about a complete wreck. Things have improved slightly since then, but the much-vaunted combination has rested on so slender a basis that we have been obliged to warn our readers from time to time against buying shares. At length the high price of fuel and other causes have made the shoe pinch so much that it is probable a real and binding arrangement may be entered into which will put the actual control of prices into the Union's hands. There is every prospect of an agreement being signed whereby the Union will contract to buy the whole production of the other important makers in Cheshire and the surrounding counties, and will pay for it at the average price afterwards obtained. This would effectually prevent price-cutting, and be a real step in advance; one, indeed, which, if it can be reduced to a binding contract—at the time of writing this has not been done—may prove the turning-point in the fortunes of the Salt Union. Unless we had serious grounds for expecting a favourable end of the negotiations, we should not have referred to the matter, and meanwhile there are many worse lock-ups than the Union's debentures, especially the "B" series.

WESTRALIANS.

Amid all the copious columns of "copy" written on the *débâcle* in the West Australian Market, we have failed to come across anything that sheds never so feeble a favourable ray upon the future of Kangaroos. All is weltering chaos and confusion worse confounded, nor are any hopes held out for the sufferers by the slump, though their name be Legion. The Stock Exchange itself, always a pronounced extremist one way or the other, only accentuates the general gloom by talking about more failures next Account-day, and forlornly recounting the losses which it has made over its Whitaker Wright wrongs. Certainly there is some difficulty, we acknowledge, in speaking cheerfully of any property when the man who was the "market" in the House may now be numbered with the missing, as is the case with many of the West Australian mines. But the House ought really to have learnt by this time to look further than the length of an Account, and, as a matter of fact, several of the shrewder capitalists are laying up for themselves Westralian shares that will, no doubt, turn into real treasures later on.

Therefore, we unhesitatingly say that it is quite wrong to sell the better kind of West Australians at this unhappy period. To throw Horseshoes or Boulders overboard at the present juncture is to play into the hands of the few who are making money out of the wreckage by buying cheap shares. Kalgurli, Boulder Main Reef, and Brownhill Extended have all had their share in the reduction of prices this Account, and they are all producing good crushing returns. We cannot say that the outlook for Lake Views and other Globe descriptions is rosy; the shares must be regarded as very highly speculative. But when the market is purged from its blackest stains and the public see that at length some sounder basis for its operations is established, there is bound to be a smart recovery in value.

Saturday, Jan. 5, 1901.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

GAMMA.—The G. H. P. Company is generally considered a sound concern, and there does not appear to us much danger from electric lifts. The "Twopenny Tube" people had the power ready to hand, and the fact that they made use of it is no criterion of what others who have not the same advantage will do. If you are nervous, why not realise part of your holding? As to Vickers shares, we cannot see that there is much left to go for. We do not advise holding longer.

T. H. D.—In our opinion, the whole thing is a speculation, and we don't like it.

R. H. P.—Nos. 1, 2, and 3 are good enough of their kind, but it looks very much as if the best of the Coal and Iron boom is over. Whether you should hold or sell depends on your opinion of the future prospects of the trade in general. Nos. 4 and 5 we do not like, especially No. 4; nor are we in love with No. 6.

AXLE.—We believe the company you have taken shares in to be a sound and fair investment.

GLOBE.—We can only say, if you look in our issues of Dec. 19 and 26, you will see that we gave reasonable warning of the impending trouble. That it was so imminent, no one knew, not even the Directors. Attend the meeting, and, after you have heard all that is to be said, vote according to what you think your own interests require.

P. E. M.—We have been unable to learn anything of value about the company you mention, but hope next week to be able to give you an opinion. All this class of concern must be more or less of a speculation.